Vol. VII. SEPTEMBER, 1892. No. 9.

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THE CREEDS OF LIFE.

SELF-ASSERTION.

Canons and rubrics own I none
  Save one upon the granite writ.
"I, Lord of lords, have fashioned it,
  And graved it with my rains and sun."

One creed low whispered everywhere
  I take unto my soul like fire,
Till, flashing through me with desire,
  The world is molten in my prayer.

"It is my beating heart." I turn,
  I face the stream, I brave the hills.
With the same word the bird's breast fills,
  With the same God the bushes burn.

SELF-SURRENDER.

Whatever thou wilt teach me, I receive;
Not what I see, O Lord, not what I prove,
But what thou in my deepest heart dost move
  Me to believe.

I shall some day cling closely at thy feet,
When all my vain dreams thou wilt undeceive,
And for my proud debate I shall receive
  Pardon complete.

That which the angels dare not look into,—albeit
About thy throne,—thy presence everywhere,
I craved to see; now, but that thou art there,
  I at thy feet.

I dared to think that chiefly thou wouldst be
In leaf and bush and hill, earth's veil, God's whole;
But thou hast taught me that it is the soul
  Bids the eye see.

That which once seemed so great, now seems so poor;
What seemed so poor so great; that which I spurned,
Thou brought'st me on till my whole being yearned
  To hold it sure.

The while the past seemed dead, dark all before,
A voice spake after many strugglings late,
"What thou didst love now hate, what thou didst hate
  Learn to adore."

John Tunis.

THE HIDDEN LIFE.

A SERMON BY REV. THEODORE C. WILLIAMS, PREACHED IN ALL SOULS' CHURCH, NEW YORK.

"These things spake Jesus, and departed, and hid himself from them."—John xii. 36.

How much of the Master's life was hidden! The gospel story gives us, after all, but glimpses and echoes. How many of his words have passed into silence! What impenetrable shadows rest upon the larger part of his earthly history! And as he has so much hidden himself from us, so he was hidden from the men of his own time. He had meat to eat which they knew not of. Read between the lines of your New Testament, and you find, again and again, allusions to the loneliness of Christ.

His disciples with reverent eye follow his retreating figure, as he departs from them to the hill-top, the wilderness, the garden at night; but they cannot go with him.

He leaves the multitude on the shore, and the little ship carries him away. Yet even on the tranquil depths of Galilee we find him sleeping apart from the others, in the hinder part of the ship.

How often, alas! even when the throng is near, or some beloved disciple leans upon his breast, we are made aware of his spiritual solitude!—that his thoughts are not theirs, nor his hopes theirs, that he does not share their illusions, that they know not what spirit he is of, that he feels their little faith and wavering allegiance, that he has more to tell them than they can bear, that whither he goes they cannot come, and, even while they press round him with professions of undying devotion, the Master would be alone, were it not that the Father is with him.

But do we not know, also, that this hidden life of Jesus was as fruitful as the life which was manifested to the world? Neither the

revealed nor the unrevealed life could have been spared. His perfect sympathy with men, his wide knowledge of human nature, had behind them, as a source of power, the authority, the dignity, the mystery, of that part of his life which separated him from other human beings, because it was hidden in God.

Let us never forget that in this respect the life of Jesus is not exceptional. There is in the life of every man something greater than we see. It is but rarely that what is best and noblest in the soul comes to the surface. Self-expression, whether in words or deeds, is a high privilege, which is fully granted to but few, and to these but with difficulty and rarely.

We commonly think, indeed, that it is the evil part of their lives which men hide. But between the hidden evil and the hidden good there is a remarkable difference. Wickedness or weakness cannot be long concealed with any success; and the more evil grows, the more certain its exposure, until, in the worst of men, even the desire to conceal is gone, and the sinner who at first wore a mask, or shrank timidly into darkness, becomes brazen-faced and defiant. Goodness, on the contrary, has always some background of an unseen purity and love, a hidden heroism of which the world imagines little, and which is known, like our truest prayers, only by the Father who seeth in secret. There is a modesty in a truly good and holy life, without which its charm and its sanctity would be gone. Morever, this modesty of holiness is one of the most impressive characteristics of Christian morals.

The virtues of the world have their chief motive in a desire for human applause or for a glorious and lasting name among men. This virtue which exists, "to be seen of men," is probably more common in the world than any other. You check the angry speech that rises to your lips not from any sentiment of forgiveness or love of your enemies, but in order to preserve your dignity. How many a man, who keeps his life honorably free from all entanglements of vice or fraud, does so not from an inner consciousness of right and wrong, but from a prudent regard for his reputation or fortune!

If the truth be told, most men are too unstable in devotion to what is good to dispense safely with the powerful restraints and motives which come to us from the coveted good opinions of our fellow-men. Hence the danger to all when lowered standards of judgment prevail concerning matters of moral conduct. Hence the common lawlessness of those classes of society who are removed, whether by power or by obscurity, from the pressure of social opinion. Hence, in great measure, the wickedness of all great cities, because it is easier here for crime to elude observation and comment, and because evil-doers flocking together create an artificial social opinion of their own.

This force of social opinion, acting upon our desire for the approval of men, must, within due limits, be acknowledged as legitimate. But certainly no Christian would ever admit that such motives are sufficient, or that they are the highest. We instinctively feel that the good action which is done "for effect" is already marred and deteriorated. A theatrical quality in virtue is a defect. A good man who poses for admiration, we feel to be half false.

How often to a Christian boy those excellent pagans in his Latin and Greek books seem to moralize in an absurd, pretentious way! It is because, as Christians, we recognize that the highest spiritual qualities, our largest love and truest courage, are such as no fine words can fully utter, but come forth from deep places in the soul,—not that they may be seen of men, but because already, before the noble purpose took shape in action, it had been lifted by prayer, aspiration, and faith into the light of Divine Perfection. The Christian, to whom the sum of all right action is to do the will of our Father in heaven, has therefore an invisible standard of judgment far more severe than that of men, before which his best deeds leave him humbled: the heavenly vision, while it inspires, at the same time leaves him conscious how imperfectly he has obeyed.

This preponderance of the hidden good over that which is seen, so striking in all good lives, so characteristic of Christian holiness, is a fact which we should remember not only in our estimate of individuals, but in judging human society as a whole. Because evil is so flauntingly conspicuous and goodness so modest, we easily exaggerate one and overlook the other.

This is true both of our reading history

and of our judgment of our own time. History is a record, for the most part, of scandals and horrors. In the history of Rome, *e.g.*, most people are more familiar with the story of its vices, corruptions, and cruelty than with the Roman justice and the Roman peace. We see Nero, the gladiators, and the vile mob of the Imperial City, but not the quiet homes where virtue still lived, nor the great mass of humble, honest, kind people out of whom the Church was to rise. The virtues of that age were hidden deeper than men of letters like Tacitus and Juvenal could see. But the background of goodness was there, nevertheless. You may read also the history of the Christian Church itself, so that it shall seem but one long chapter of crime, corruption, heresy, persecution, bigotry, and hypocrisy. The record is true, and yet, as a whole, it distorts the truth. The true history of Christianity was never written, nor ever can be, except as it is recorded in the "Book of Life." For the true chronicle would be nothing less than all the hidden lives of all Christian men and women, prayers of faith, victories of the spirit, and deeds of love and mercy, which even those from whom they came at first concealed and then forgot.

The world's deepest life lies unwritten. The Church can read and discuss the mighty doctrines of Saint Augustine and wrangle over them for centuries; but who has read the sighs and prayers of Monica, his mother, whose undaunted faith and faithful patience won at last the heart of the passionate, erring son? How truly do the old painters of heaven put behind the triumphant rows of apostles and seraphim a great cloudy mass of undistinguished blessed ones, the democracy of heaven, by whom the place is really peopled, and on whom that light from the throne of God falls with undiminished glory! Let us apply the allegory to every large view we take of human affairs. It is only at a few radiant points that the power and beauty of holiness are visible. Only by the eye of faith and love can we perceive the full assemblage of honest, worthy lives which make the solid background of human society.

Especially we should let this conviction of the unseen goodness of which human life is so full increase our sympathy with, and our reverence for, our common human nature which wears so many varying disguises.

Let us think of some of these hidden heroisms, which, if some angel should look down on this great world of ours, would shine out in his vision from the surrounding darkness of selfishness and sin, as to us the stars do in the sky above.

Think of the heroism of poverty,—how brave it is, and how silent! How many men and women all about us to whom life seems but one stern struggle for existence! When the writer of poetry and romance turns the light of his fancy upon the noble homes of those whom we may truly call "God's poor," how the world claps its gloved hands and applauds! But who applauds the people themselves?

The ordinary life of the poor—I mean of the hard-working, self-respecting poor—is full of sacrifices, of acts of generosity, of a lofty rejection of temptations, of innocence in the midst of impurity, which in the life of any conspicuous person would be immortalized. I heard lately of a tenement in my own neighborhood where, half the women being attacked by an epidemic, those who could stand on their feet did the washing for the others, that the sick ones might not lose their scanty earnings toward the month's rent. And there is this sort of helpfulness all over the world, wherever there is toil and suffering among human beings. The simplest needs of the home can sometimes be met only by heroic fortitude. How many a dutiful son has sacrificed his career, and the education for which his talents fitted him, and has spent his early manhood in some distasteful calling to help on the struggling family of which he is a member! How many an impecunious scholar has abandoned the high hopes of his youth, and, leaving the wider ranges of the intellectual life to become a "bread-winner," lays this sacrifice upon the altar of duty without one sigh or tear that the world ever sees!

What heroism there is in the charities of the poor! From the day of the widow who cast her two mites into the treasury, and who, because the eye of Jesus watched her, is known to all the world, there has been a vast, unceasing stream of gifts and benevolences from the poor to each other, from the poor to all public objects. Remember, these charities do not mean the pleasing abstinence from some selfish luxury in order to do

good; but often they mean hunger, cold, or the prolonging of already excessive toil. Yet all this spiritual force, as far as individuals go, is but little known. It does not get into the newspapers. It is only its vast aggregate that attracts the notice of the historian and philosopher. For the most part, these good deeds are seen by few. These furtive gifts of man to man are borne by givers who come like the ravens that fed Elijah in his mountain cave, leaving behind them the bread of God, but stealing quickly away, not to be distinguished from the rest of the flock.

Also, there is the heroism of sickness. Disease and suffering have been the training-field of legions innumerable of brave and patient souls. The virtues of the sick-room are perhaps more remarkable than any I have mentioned for their secret and unobtrusive character. From the nature of the case, they are necessarily removed from observation. A few friends come in: the physician and the minister are permitted, in compensation for many painful scenes, sometimes to see the most shining triumphs of the spirit over the flesh of which our nature is capable. They hear from feeble voices words of prayer, faith, and unselfish love, which make life richer and purer forever after. They see upon the pale face the gentleness of Christ, and that peace which the world cannot give, till the wasted flesh seems only the transparent veil of the victorious spirit within. But into those holy places the thoughtless and unfeeling do not, cannot, enter. Like holiday-makers who pass the cathedral doors with some slight gesture of piety, the world hurries by, caring little that there are true worshippers within. Yet these hidden souls who stay behind a screen of bodily weakness, and live what seems a lonely life, are among the real, upbuilding forces of our higher humanity.

How coarse, how shallow, how unfeeling, the world would be, were there nothing in it but abounding health and strength; if birth and death could come to pass without claiming any human tears, any loving devotion, any vigil of patience and compassion! Did flesh never fail, how it would relax every sacred affection of our natures, till we should hardly know how to distinguish flesh from soul! We should be strong children of earth, with little sense of any heavenly life enfolding ours, or of any higher destiny than the absorbing enjoyments and ambitions of the passing year. We cannot but remember it was among scenes of disease and infirmity that our Lord himself found in others the most remarkable evidences of faith, and manifested his own power at its fullest.

This discipline of sickness both to the sufferers themselves and to those who love them is a perpetual call to unworldliness of temper and of aim. It checks ambition just in mid-career. It lays its hand upon the votary of pleasure, and draws him aside, as nothing else could do, to meditate awhile upon eternal things.

It brings home to us all the affecting and impressive lesson that nothing in our life is really precious, really sustaining and essential, but to have the love of faithful hearts about us, and the inward witness of that divine love of which they are the channels and instruments.

How silent and how deeply hidden these formative processes in the spiritual life, which, like the sufferings of Christ in the wilderness, are seen only by ministering angels and the eye of God! Yet who can doubt that in experiences such as I have described we learn wisdom from on high, and "deep calleth unto deep"?

There is yet another of these places in human life where the cross of Christ remains a hidden but none the less a real power. It is a heroism of honor, a brave, forgiving silence, which I am at loss how to characterize except by illustration. I see an example of it in the strange persistency with which Jesus refrains to the very last from naming Judas to the other disciples. I believe it was because the Master loved him, and still hoped to touch his heart, and win him back. It is but a tragical instance of what is going on all over the world. This charity which covers another's fault is not confined to those whose lives are actually brought into contact with villany and crime. Something of this diplomacy of the affections is needed wherever there are strong bonds of love or friendship between imperfect human beings.

The quality may appear in trivial and superficial relationships. The experienced hostess, who covers the embarrassment of one guest or the rudeness of another, who puts the domestic accident out of sight and

keeps a cheerful front, is doing in a small way what generous souls attain in ways that become heroic.

We say carelessly that love idealizes its object, as if it were some trick of the imagination. But this means that those who truly love us persist in seeing what is best in our natures. Such fidelity to another's best may, in ordinary cases, be an easy and amiable virtue; but it sometimes requires great force of faith and courage. Where noble qualities are mixed with grievous faults, who does not know what a brave heart it takes to love without blindness, to be charitable without weakness, and to be hopeful? There may be indeed a point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and only increases the faults which it would forgive. But this is a point which the pitiless judgments of the world never reach. And it still remains true that the love "which suffereth long, and is kind" is the only redeeming power upon erring men, except the grace of God. It is the mystery of sin that no man can do wrong without making others suffer, and especially those who love him most. Therefore, the man of honor who shields a friend, the patient mother who still believes in her weak, unstable son when all others are ruthlessly ready to finish his ruin, and all those to whom God has given grace to do such things, are sharing something of that divine work of Christ in which he suffers for a whole people's sin, and by that suffering holiness touches all our hearts and leads us back to the Father.

But all this heroism that suffers for another's fault, which cannot be lost out of human hearts till we shall all cease to love or cease to sin, is inevitably (need I say it?) of a most hidden and secret character. There is ever great darkness and shadow around the true cross, however its symbol may glitter in the sunshine of public places; for this kind of vicarious and atoning goodness, more than any other, wholly loses its power when there enters into it any element of display. Such things belong to the unspeakable realities which must act of their own immediate, spontaneous force, and not be admired or talked about.

The cross of Christ itself has lost much of its power over our feeling by having been for so long the centre of a sacred drama and part of a "scheme." Only when we can come freshly and with unprejudiced imaginations to the last scenes of Jesus' life, do we feel how natural and how genuinely affecting is the great fact that he who was perfect man could only manifest himself the Son of God through the baptism of suffering and death. But, oh, how mistaken we were, if we thought the hidden life of Jesus, or the life hid with Christ, was all gloom and agony! It is only selfish solitude that is miserable, only in the struggles God has not required that any one is unblessed and forlorn.

So wonderful is this hidden life of the best and strongest souls that, as we know it better, we reverse our judgment of what true happiness is, and what the true success of life consists in. Of the sorrows of Christ we have the most affecting signs and symbols; but the joy of Christ, and the peace, though he assures us they are real, are as inexpressible and invisible as that breath he breathed upon his disciples when he bade them "receive the Holy Spirit." And those who have followed him, indeed, and have received his spirit, "verily they have their reward."

Do you not know already that in your own lives the most joyful, the most vital and momentous issues are not such events as a biographer might gather, but those crises of conscience, the hours of illumination, inspiration, consecration, when you were lifted above your temptations, and set forward in some way of wider or more faithful service? These are the things "which the Father seeth in secret"; and in your judgment of yourself, in your judgment of others, it is this hidden life which you wish to estimate.

Your life is hid with Christ in God. What is noblest and best, what is most joyful, most divine, in a Christian life, attracts no crowd, wins no applause, is not enrolled and badged in any legion of honor which men can see.

These hidden places of faith, heroism, and forgiving love are like those silent altars where no songs are ever sung, but where we see the burning flame of a Divine Presence never withdrawn, and know that many whispered prayers go up to God.

They are such lonely and shadowy places as that in which the patriarch wrestled with the angel, would not let him go, and was

made a prince ever after; or as that mountain of transfiguration from which the Christ came down, full of power and authority over all evil things.

Out of these tribulations, out of these joys, come forth the strong souls in white garments of peace, who praise God, and do him such service as the world can neither wholly hide nor wholly understand.

MAZZINI: HIS MISSION AND HIS PERSONALITY.

II.

Mazzini's letters to Lamberti, late in 1846, allude frequently to "Miss Fuller" (who in turn mentions meeting him at the Carlyles'); and he says, in his account of the night-school which he, with some friends, opened for Italian organ-boys in London, that he remembers her visit there one Sunday evening. And Mr. Conway tells us that Mazzini always recalled with much feeling how the American guest, being urged to address the boys, spoke to them a few words full of heartfelt sympathy, then, suddenly bursting into tears, said she could utter no more save "God bless you!"

She writes from Rome, March, 1849: "Last night Mazzini came to see me. You will have heard how he was called to Italy, and received at Leghorn like a prince, as he is, unhappily the only one, the only great Italian. It is expected that, if the republic lasts, he will be president. He has been made a Roman citizen, and elected to the Assembly. The labels, bearing in giant letters '*Giuseppe Mazzini, Cittadino Romano,*' are yet up all over Rome. He entered by night, on foot, to avoid demonstrations, no doubt, and to enjoy the quiet of his own thoughts at so great a moment.* Last night I heard a ring, then somebody speak my name: the voice struck upon me at once. He looks more divine than ever, after all his new, strange sufferings. He stayed two hours, and we talked, though rapidly, of everything. He hopes to come often; but the crisis is tremendous, and all will come on him, since, if any one can save Italy from her foes, inward or outward, it will be he. But he is very doubtful whether this be possible: the foes are too many, too strong, too subtle.* I only grieve I cannot aid him. Freely would I give my life to aid him, only bargaining for a quick death. I don't like slow torture. I fear that it is in reserve for him to survive defeat. True, he can never be utterly defeated; but to see Italy bleeding, prostrate once more, will be very dreadful to him. He has sent me tickets twice to hear him speak in the Assembly. It was a fine, commanding voice; but, when he finished, he looked very exhausted and melancholy. He looks as if the great battle he had fought had been too much for his strength, and that he was only sustained by the fire of his soul. Mazzini is a great man; in mind a great, poetic statesman, in heart a lover, in action decisive, and as full of resource as a Cæsar. Dearly I love Mazzini. He came in just as I had finished the first letter to you. His soft, radiant look makes melancholy music in my soul."

All know the tragic history of that brief triumvirate, and the heroic fall of Rome. For weeks, during the siege and the useless diplomacies ending in bloodshed, Mazzini was the sleepless soul of the republic. Margaret writes: "The last two weeks of the republic I did not see Mazzini. When the French entered, he walked about the streets to see how the people bore themselves, and then went to the house of a friend. In the upper chamber of a poor house, with his life-long friends the Modenas, I found him. Mazzini had suffered millions more than I could. He had borne his fearful responsibility, he had let his dearest friends perish, he had passed all these nights without sleep. In two short months he has grown old. All the vital juices seemed exhausted. His eyes were all bloodshot, his skin like an orange, flesh he had none, his hair was mixed with white, his hand was painful to the touch; but he had never flinched, never quailed, had protested in the last hour against surrender. Sweet and calm, but full of a more fiery purpose than ever, in him I revered the hero, and owned myself not of that mould."

And thus—denied all life in action,

* He had never before been in Rome.

* Compare this with what has often been asserted of Mazzini's overweening arrogance and self-conceit. What a pity that Margaret Fuller did not live to publish her book upon the siege of Rome! It is refreshing to see how such souls as Mazzini's and hers at once were drawn in noblest friendship to each other.

calmly witnessing the downfall of his dearest hopes—Mazzini withdrew to Switzerland for a while, writing to Lamberti from Lausanne, Dec. 7, 1849: "I am alone, consumed by spleen and the sense of an empty life passed far away from my dearest ones, and from individual consolations, with a bitterness which oftens threatens to overcome me; but I rise again. *There is a secret force within me which ever sets me to work anew.*"

He returned to England, to write, to plan, and wait until the times again grew ripe. But that new republic never came again for him. It comforts us to know that this second period of exile was less bitterly weighed down by poverty than the first, he having inherited something from his father, though, as ever, he shared it too generously with others. He spent part of his later days at Lugano, editing a periodical intended to educate his countrymen. He had grown to see that, as he said, his ideas were to be his only legacy to the world. Patiently accepting all personal sadness, working on under repeated strokes of pain and suffering, he was, at least, spared that lonely death in a foreign land which he called the exile's worst dread. Attacked by pleurisy and other maladies, he quietly expired at Pisa in the house of a friend; and eighty thousand Italians followed his body to its Genoese resting-place.

We cannot leave the too rich topic of this saintly soul without saying something about his religion. As Browning says of Voltaire, "Well? why he, at least, was very sure of soul, believed in God!"

Early Catholicism seems to have gently glided, not into that cold atheism or hard indifference often left by reaction, but into a lofty theism which enabled him to worship God as the Father of mankind, and to revere Jesus as their brother and benefactor. He writes, "I believe in God, virtue, and immortality." He refers constantly to his faith in a future life. Striving to console Lamberti for the death of his father, he touchingly alludes to his belief that often we experience the protecting care of the spirits of our dear ones, adding that he sometimes feels as if the souls of his own sisters, or of his early friend Jacopo Ruffini, were watching over him. "Did she die a Christian?" he asks Lamberti of their patriot friend Madame Sidoli, "because any faith, although imperfect and disfigured by false doctrine, smooths the pillow of a dying one and hallows it more than that most dreary, arid, fleshless falsehood of science which they call reason or free thought."

His first exile, caused by his youthful connection with the secret society of the *Carbonari*, was followed by a sojourn at Marseilles, where he founded the Society of Young Italy, and by an unsuccessful attempt at revolution in Piedmont in 1833. This was succeeded by a period of mental and moral depression, which, culminating toward the end of 1836, just before his departure for England, while he was living at a dreary village in Switzerland, would, had it lasted longer, as he says, have driven him either to madness or suicide. He afterward lost the journal of those dark days (which he intended to publish for the benefit of fellow-sufferers, under the title of "Records of an Unknown," in the style of the celebrated autobiographical romance, "Jacopo Ortis"). But he never forgot that crisis, suddenly ending, as it did, in one of those strange lulls of the spiritual tempest which Longfellow describes in "Hyperion," when he said, "In the life of every man there are sudden transitions of feeling which seem almost miraculous." We must quote Mazzini's own pathetic words:—

"It was the tempest of doubt, which, I believe, all who devote their lives to a great enterprise, yet have not dried and withered up their soul beneath some barren intellectual formula, but have retained a loving heart, are doomed—once at least—to battle through. I had been false to that faith in the immortality of life, and in a progressive series of existences, which, in the eyes of the believer, transforms our sufferings here into the trials and difficulties of one who ascends a steep mountain, at the summit of which is God,—a series of existences which are linked together, and gradually develop all that on earth is but a germ of promise. I had denied the sun himself, because I found myself unable to light my feeble lamp by his ray. I, too, had given way to egotism, while I believed myself most free from it, simply because I had transported the *ego* into a higher and a purer sphere than that in which it is adored by the majority."

"Life is a mission. Every other definition of life is false, and leads those who adopt it astray. Life is a mission: duty, therefore, its highest law. In the comprehension of that mission and fulfilment of that duty lie our means of future progress, the secret of the stage of existence into which we shall be initiated at the conclusion of this earthly state."

Truly, like Milton, Mazzini's

"Soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

But in one thing the great Italian outsoared the great English poet as far as one man may another. We allude to what Prof. Masson truly terms Milton's "incurably perverted estimate of women." All know his contemptuous treatment of them in his poetry, and the tragic history of his first marriage, the weary lives he led his poor young daughters. Mazzini was remarkable for his high estimate of women. His manner toward them, we are told, was marked by "a respectful tenderness." He not only reverenced woman, but declared her to be the full equal of man. In his "Address to the Working Classes of Italy," in 1858, he said: "Cancel from your minds every idea of superiority over her. *You have none whatsoever!*" He ascribed her "apparent intellectual inferiority" to "long prejudice, an inferior education, and a perennial legal inequality." Emancipated as he was from traditional dogmas, though in life the truest Christian soldier, he writes to the Association of Working Women in Genoa, who had made him an honorary member, and speaking of woman's inferior position:—

"But bear in mind that the inequality which you deplore dates its origin from a dogma which began its course of development by declaring woman created after man, and *from* man; and concluded that development by declaring the degradation of the earth. *Emancipate yourselves from that dogma, and from its representatives!* Not by an absurd, immoral denial of all religion, but in the presentiment of the new religious manifestation which will sanctify and teach the doctrine of the *unity* of creation, for you and for us; the indispensable harmony between the two varieties of human nature, and the cessation of every dualism or antagonism rendering that harmony impossible; the doctrine which will proclaim the sanctity and mission of the family through the equality of the mother, the father, and the children born of them. The advent of this new manifestation is—whatever men may say—inevitable; and it is in your power to hasten that advent through your own effort and endeavor. Adieu, sisters. Accept me yours in affection. JOSEPH MAZZINI."

Space fails to mention his numerous essays written in excellent English for various London reviews, now included among the other works. Prof. Masson says of some of his writings, "The stimulation is in great over-proportion to the nutriment," which is often true.

We may not now venture to guess how long it must be before his darling hopes of an Italian republic may be realized, in the slow workings of things struggling between the old and new. He says, "When the arms of Christ, even yet stretched out upon the cross, shall be loosened to clasp the whole human race in one embrace, when there shall be no more Pariahs nor Brahmins, nor servants nor masters, but only *men*,—we shall adore the great name of God with more love and faith than we do now." We cannot tell how much of this the coming century may initiate in that mighty reconstruction of ethics, founded upon a mighty reconstruction of belief, which we see dimly in the distant future. To many of us such visions seem Utopian in their poetic brightness. One thing will always remain—the fact that this suffering, persecuted exile, foiled in his attempts at revolution—has become the chief educator of the moral conscience of his people, whose burning words have, perhaps, done more than those of any other of Italy's many great sons of this century to awaken Italians to a sense of personal responsibility and national life. It is refreshing to see how tablets and mementoes in Mazzini's honor are multiplying in his beloved land. It delights us to think, too, that this is but a part of the great outburst of Italy's love and gratitude for her noble army of martyrs. Santa Croce displays, beside her high altar, the names of those fallen among the corps of Tuscan students who held the Austrian army in check a whole day at Curtatone in 1848. In Naples, a sunny open place within sight of the Mediterranean is named the "Piazza dei Martiri,'

after those patriots commemorated on the pillar called the "Column of Victory," inscribed to "the glorious memory of those Neapolitans who, having fallen in battle or on the scaffold, revindicated, with solemn and eternal combat, the right of the people to that *Plébiscite* which made Naples free." The body of Manin, dead in an exile's poverty in Paris, lies entombed in a sarcophagus in the vestibule of St. Mark's at Venice. Rome in 1879 welcomed back the ashes of several of her defenders of thirty years before, and buried them with civic and military honors on the slopes of the Janiculan Hill, near where they had fallen. And the Porta Pia, where the army of Victor Emanuel entered in 1870, bears a gigantic tablet upon the wall near by, recording the names of those who fell beside it, as they stormed the gate.*

Genoa beheld thousands flock to look upon Mazzini's embalmed body ere it was hidden from sight in the crypts of Lo Staglieno, until his tomb should be ready to receive him. It seems to us as if his own words upon Dante, at the conclusion of his essay on the minor works of that poet, might serve for his most fitting epitaph; and we give them here:—

"His was indeed a tragic life,—tragic from the real ills which constantly assailed him,—from the lonely thought which ate into his soul because there was none whom he might inspire with it. . . . His adversity was great but he was as great as his adversity. He who bore within himself the soul of Italy was misunderstood by the whole nation; but he did not yield: he wrestled nobly against the external world, and ended by conquering it,—taking refuge in his conscience: *sotto l' usbergo del sentirsi puro* (under the shelter of feeling himself pure). Graving by night his noble vengeance in the immortal pages which he could only leave to mankind as he descended to the tomb, he kept himself faithful to his God, his purpose and himself. Nothing could bend or corrupt his soul. It was like the diamond, which can only be conquered by its own dust. He desired to live in the future, in the second life, and that his thoughts might descend like an inspiration into the hearts of his successors here below. Dante has found peace and glory. The crown of thorns has long since fallen from his head. The idea which he cast like seed into the world has sprung up and devoloped from century to century, from day to day. His soul, which did not find a responsive echo in its course below, communes at the present day with millions in his native land. Yet a little while, and his country will inscribe upon the base of his statue,—

"*The Italian nation to the memory of its prophet.*"

URSULA TANNENFORST.

Philadelphia.

* It may interest some to know that Mazzini has been introduced into a chapter of Disraeli's "Lothair" under the name of Mirandola; while the opening scene of George Meredith's most remarkable novel, "Vittoria," describes him as "the chief" heading a meeting of Italian conspirators at a lonely place among the mountains in upper Italy, not long before the outbreak of 1848. The description, in both cases, is so vivid and graphic that no one acquainted with his characteristics can fail to recognize him at first sight.

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

I.

"Mr. Buckle was a jolly fellow," is a verdict on that writer delivered by two boys who knew him, which will probably surprise most readers of the "History of Civilization." Since Mr. Buckle first flashed from obscurity upon the world as the author of a great and comprehensive work of philosophical history, a generation has grown up which scarcely knows him except by reputation. "The History of Civilization" was immensely successful. It startled, it alarmed, it brought forward ideas novel and surprising. The book was translated into half a dozen languages or more, and in Russia we believe that Mr. Buckle still exercises great influence. As to his influence in England and among the men and women who have been educated during the last twenty or twenty-five years, it is difficult to say anything with certainty. Buckle has not been a fashionable author in at least one of the universities for many years. Dynasties of modern philosophers succeed each other; and, while Mr. Mill keeps his pride of place, Mr. Buckle has been dethroned by Mr. Herbert Spencer, by Hegel, and by what is known of other German philosophers through lectures and translations. In his lifetime people who did not know Mr. Buckle personally took him to be a prodigious bookworm, a grave of books, an intellect cool, encyclo-

pedic, and unfeeling. He was, in truth, a very great reader. He spent £300 a year on books. He seems at one time to have possessed twenty-two thousand volumes; and, though he cleared out his library every now and then, he had rarely fewer than eleven thousand tomes on his shelves. A volume, or more than one, which bears his book-plate may be picked up in almost any London book-stall. His "Arlequiniana," a dingy little copy of that collection of old jokes, is annotated in his hand. He maintained that to read was of little use, unless one makes copious notes and peruses these again and again. Yet Mr. Buckle had an excellent—almost a surprising—memory. He was not at all a bookworm, as we shall see; nor was he all the frigid philosopher. Mrs. Huth learned that there were two Buckles: one the cold speculator and analyst, who took wide views of humanity, and treated people as if they had been counters in a game; the other the emotional Buckle of private life, kind, tender, full of sympathy, and, in the matter of private taste, loving chess and a cigar almost as much as his books. It is pleasant to know this, and to be able to look back not without kindly interest on the memory of a hard, honest worker and a good man.

Mr. Buckle was born at Lee, in Kent, on the 24th of November, 1821. His family came originally from Westmoreland, and his mind inherited, though his body lacked, the constitutional strength of the dalesmen. Young Buckle was almost an intolerable boy. His boyhood was as unlike as possible to that of John Stuart Mill. His parents, recognizing his constitutional delicacy, kept him back from learning, and at eight years old he scarcely knew his letters. When he was able at last to read, he showed great soundness of taste, sticking to Shakspere, Bunyan, the "Arabian Nights," and "Don Quixote." He read little else till he was eighteen. He was sent to a private school, where he must have been—I say it with all respect—a perfect little nuisance. His parents stipulated "that he should learn nothing unless he chose, and should on no account be whipped." Doubtless neither learning nor whipping would have been good for Buckle; but how he must have demoralized the other boys! When he was a man grown and a noted philosopher, he wrote to the two boys who called him "a jolly fellow" and advised them to take care not to overwork themselves. This is good advice to parents and head-masters; "but who would preach it for a truth to those that eddy round the world"—to lower fifth-form boys, for example? Buckle was never of any account at cricket or football. He learned to knit, and "disliked associating with boys." He had fits of high spirits, in which he "seized fruit from the open shops,"—an offence which in another rank of society he might have expiated in an uncomfortable way. His favorite game was preaching amateur sermons, and by way of a treat he liked going to Exeter Hall. Failing health compelled his return home from school in his fourteenth year. At sixteen we find him indulging in billiards and losing money, which seems to have been a lesson to him ever after. Soon the mania for reading came upon him, and he "began to form a small library, and was in the habit of walking all about London in search of cheap books." Almost every branch of knowledge was simultaneously explored by him. At the age of eighteen he conceived the idea of blending the lights obtained from these multifarious sources into one grand focus, and turning it upon the history of man's intellectual progress or civilization. To this end his whole subsequent reading was systematically directed. For nearly twenty years this idea was being elaborated. For ten hours a day on the average, with hardly a day's intermission, he traversed that vast field of literature which is implied in the list of authors prefixed to his published volumes, noting down the facts and illustrations they supplied, and mentally organizing the mass into one geometrical and consistent whole.

When he was twenty, Buckle went abroad, and made the acquaintance of Mr. Hallam in Germany. His skill at chess was already very remarkable. He beat the famed Saint Amant at the Café de la Régence, and he beat Kieseritzki. He did not care for pictures, and only once in life liked music, when Franz Liszt was playing. This is surely a remarkable fact. It seems as if only the highest power in music had strength to penetrate Buckle's indifference. Victor Hugo was said "especially to detest the piano." It would be interesting to know whether Liszt or Chopin ever vanquished the poet's

hatred of sweet music. Possibly, as Mr. Huth speculates, Dr. Johnson, who hated the music of his own day, would have revelled in Wagner. But Johnson and many other good men liked good talk, and hated music because it interrupted rational conversation. On the Continent Buckle learned to be a Radical. He had been what is now called a Moderate Liberal; that is, a fine old Tory. On his return to England he settled down to study the history of the Middle Ages, and later to work at his great book. It is interesting to know that he first got up his subject in Lardner's Encyclopædia, the Encyclopædia of him whom Jeames Yellowplush sneered at long ago. He played chess almost nightly, defeating famous antagonists. One of his games lasted for nine hours at a stretch. That day he read no more, but went early to bed. At Dresden he posted a public challenge, offering to play a conceited amateur for $500. The amateur disappeared from the scene till Buckle departed.

It is said that Mr. Buckle knew nineteen languages, among others the "Maorian," which proves his prodigious industry. He found Russian the most difficult to pronounce. His mode of composition was to pace his room till a whole paragraph was fashioned in his mind, and then to write it out. He read Milton and Burke for their style; and, like Théophile Gautier in this one respect, he was a great reader of dictionaries. When his book was ready, he was anxious to receive half-profits before it was published; but it will surprise few to learn that his publisher did not fall in with his views. He was not reckless about money, and determined never to marry till he had £3,000 a year. From this it may perhaps be gathered that Mr. Buckle, like the youth in Theocritus, "knew not Love, how cruel a god he is, and what a bow his hands wield, and what shafts he darts at the young." But to conjecture these were to err. At seventeen Buckle had adored the inevitable cousin, "but found that she was unluckily engaged to another cousin." He challenged his fortunate rival to deadly combat, but there is nothing to show that the duel ever "came off." So Mr. Buckle fell in love with another cousin. The marriage was prevented by relatives, who held strong views about consanguinity and matrimony. His life was therefore a lonely one. Perhaps this fact made him less agreeable in society than he might have been, for his manner was not to converse, but to controvert; and he loved, in season and out of season, to get to the bottom of a subject. Mrs. Taylor thinks it part of Buckle's good fortune that, in consequence of his feeble health, he was brought so completely under his mother's influence. That her influence was refining, softening, and even intellectually stimulating, I freely admit; but I believe he would have been all the better if he had had the usual scholastic training, and had thus been taught to modify some of his own ideas by comparing them with those of others of equal independence of mind, perhaps of larger experience, and, if not of culture as high, possibly of a more varied character. As to those personal faults which even Miss Shirreff is forced to admit, it is not difficult to see how they were almost entirely due to the solitary training by a mother who idolized the son, and was idolized by him in return. The story of such mutual devotion is very touching; but it is not under such influences that a strong, robust, and unselfish character is formed.

Certain examples of Buckle's conversation, recorded by Mrs. Huth, are remarkable. Mr. Buckle had known only one atheist, and he, we regret to say, was a cabinet minister. As to a future state, "know it we do not, for it is transcendental, but our instincts lead us to believe." As to "personality in a future state," "I believe that what we have done here will not be lost to us, but also the mind of the philosopher and that of the idiot will be equal after death. The difference we now see in them is owing to the material through which the intellect filters. Philosophers do not like this idea, which, on the other hand, is full of consolation for idiots." These opinions of Mr. Buckle may perhaps surprise people who only know by vague repute that he was a heretic or a materialist. His power of sympathy was so great that, according to a lady to whom he had been kind, "it imparted a more than earthly soothing effect." Buckle's mind, kept constantly at full intellectual stretch, and never relieved by actual bodily exercise, began to take its sure revenge in increasing nervous debility, want of sleep, and oppression of the brain. The

death of his mother, after a lingering process of mental and bodily decay, reduced him almost to the point of total prostration. He was able to rally sufficiently to conduct his second volume through the press, when the symptoms became so alarming as to compel a total abandonment of literary toil. A short sojourn in Wales in the summer of 1861 was productive of temporary benefit; but it seemed advisable to try more extended change, and a trip up the Nile and through the Holy Land was at length decided on. He left England in the April of 1862, but, instead of gaining renovated health, he died at Damascus on the 31st of May in that year, mournfully exclaiming with his last breath, "My book! my book!" The thought that he was to be taken away before he had finished his "History of Civilization" filled him with anguish. Senator Charles Sumner died with the same words on his lips. A beautiful edition of his miscellaneous writings was in course of publication at the time of his death, and, amid his paroxysms of pain, he gasped out, "My book! my book! I should not regret this, had I finished my book!"

One of the most characteristic features of Buckle's mind is revealed in his review of Mill's Essay on Liberty, and especially that portion of it relative to the case of Thomas Pooley, which called forth a rejoinder from Mr. Coleridge, who had been the leading counsel for the prosecution, and had secured the verdict to which his father gave such terrible effect. In these days of liberty it seems hardly credible that such a case could, by any possibility, have occurred in England so recently as 1857, and, especially, that any one bearing the name of Coleridge could have been connected with it. Thomas Pooley was an ignorant, half-crazed sceptic, possessed with a fanatical hatred of the Bible. This passion went to such an extent that he maintained that the potato-rot could be cured if the ashes of burned Bibles were scattered over the fields. He was, at the same time, a harmless and even useful member of society; for he looked well to his own affairs, and cared for his family. Yet, for writing on a gate "a few very silly words expressive of his opinion respecting the potato-rot and the Bible, and also of his hatred of Christianity," Mr. Justice Coleridge sentenced him to be imprisoned for a year and nine months. This was the very thing to touch Buckle to the quick. The outrageous disproportion between the offence and the penalty was itself sufficient to show the *animus*, but it became still worse when viewed in connection with the mental condition of the unhappy victim. But, while these elements intensified Buckle's feelings, the fact that an error of opinion should have thus been made the subject of a criminal prosecution and sentence was alone enough to rouse his righteous indignation. It was certainly in no measured terms that Buckle's indignation found expression. Mr. Coleridge's reply shows that he must have early acquired that skill in vituperation, of which he showed himself such a master in the Tichborne trial. Buckle's article was described as a "tissue of personal malevolence." He was charged with "intolerable licentiousness of speech," with "license of slander," and with other offences of a similar character. But it was impossible to question any of the facts which he had criticised. As to his superiority to personal motives, his private correspondence on the point proves that there was no possibility of their having any existence in relation to men whom he knew only in their public capacity. He only gave expression, in language which was undoubtedly more strong than that commonly employed on such criticism, to the passionate feelings of a man, strong in the instincts of justice and love of freedom, against an act of shameless oppression, which was a discredit to our age and country. I have no intention to discuss the article, and have only referred to it because of the light it throws on Buckle himself, showing the intensity of his sympathy with liberty in all its struggles, the vehemence with which he espoused a cause that thus enlisted his convictions and feelings, the fearlessness with which he assailed what he considered wrong, by whosoever done, without any care of consequences to himself, and the surprise that any should suspect unworthy motives, or condemn him for a severity which, in his judgment, was fully demanded by the circumstances of the case.

S. Fletcher Williams.

Scarborough, Eng.

PERSONALITY.

Man is not a wholly simple, but rather a complex being. The celebrated story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" shows how a dual moral nature may exist in a man. We are wont to mainly think of ourselves as individuals; but a certain many-sidedness of nature is just as real as is this more evident and striking fact of our individuality. But what makes this many-sidedness of nature, this vast depth and height of our human possibilities? Men talk of the self-made man; but where is he? Will you show me such a one,—a man whose intellectual or moral resources were self-originated, one who is not a child of his race? The greatest, the best, the grandest men and women are those in whom the race is most perfectly and nobly repeated. Thus a Lincoln is great and grand because so much and so grand a part of our American and democratic life got itself expressed in him. A poet like Whittier is noble and inspiring, because so much of the breath of New England, of her soil, and of the life of her people, is in him; but Shakspere is far grander, because he seems to reproduce not even England or the sixteenth century only, but to measurably embody humanity. Two thousand years separate us and the great Greek tragedian, Sophocles; and yet so much of the mighty spirit of humanity was in him, such a profound and awe-kindling sense of the destiny that shapes the life of man, that, when his great play of "Antigone" was produced at New Haven, notwithstanding the strangeness of two thousand years, the audience were swayed and subdued and weighted down by its awful, soul-compelling power.

How do we account for an effect so remarkable? You have read of those peculiar parchments called "palimpsest," in which, as layer on layer of papyrus is unrolled, different writings are disclosed to view.

Such a palimpsest is the human soul. It is a living incarnation of our race's thoughts and dreams and varied experiences; and so, when the thought and life of two thousand years ago, brought back by the magic of the actor, spoke again to the eye and ear, is it any wonder that it awakened a chord of answering thought and life in those who saw and listened? It was "the hidden man of the heart,"—the man so many centuries old,—who might, if speech were given him, say, as it is alleged that did Jesus, "Before Abraham was I am,"—he it was that found in that play of "Antigone," re-enacted after twenty centuries, a renewal of its long half-forgotten experiences. The sublime and awful idea of fate as a compeller and controller of human lives—this the old Greek's idea, which was so wrought into his mental picture—our Christianity had transformed into the still grander thought of a divine purpose and providence in man's life. Now, by what subtle and mysterious means could a modern audience—an audience of Americans, imbued with American ideas and saturated with the Christianity and Christian beliefs of near two thousand years—put themselves almost at once into mental and spiritual sympathy with the strangely different beliefs and ways of looking at things of two thousand years ago? How could they do this? To put my answer in one word, it was by means of that mysterious and supernatural something we call personality.

Personality, which is the race soul, reproduced in varying degree in all the children of the race, the inherited and transmitted soul of generations, which, with such infinite variety of fortune, has unfolded at last in you and me,—the life principle, physical, intellectual, spiritual, what I would call the soul palimpsest of our race's history. It was this, the very being and substance of our race, in whose slumbrous depths, that lie below all conscious life, there dwells a knowledge and a wisdom older than the Pyramids,—it was this great mysterious race soul that somehow found its experiences of twenty centuries ago revivified, brought out, like hidden folds of the palimpsest, by the genius of Sophocles; and it was this the power of personality,—for all genius is only a great and powerful personality,—it was this the sublime personality of a Sophocles, acting with personality's magnetic and kindling powers on the personality of to-day, that could so transform a modern audience into a Greek audience of two thousand years ago. When you utter that word "personality," you utter the divinest secret of art and letters and human life. Go ask the orator, who holds enthralled and enraptured a listening senate, what the magic of his irresistible eloquence, and he will tell you that

subtler and more potent than the charm of words or all logic or argument is this indefinable something we call "personality,"—that simple divine right of one of nature's kings by which a Wendell Phillips or a Henry Ward Beecher could convert a hostile political mob into a crowd of enthusiastic admirers. Go take down your Shakspere, your Milton, your Scott, and ask these great souls to explain to you the mystery of their power, and, if you have skill to interpret the silent answers of their eloquent pages, you will find them to be expressed in this one compellent and persuasive word, "personality." They will tell you how the great race soul, that seemed to only sleep and dream for the most part in common men, became conscious and clearly awake in them, and that what they did was simply to give forth to other men the treasures of our race's wit and wisdom and insight that had thus become active and vocal in them. Go ask the great Goethe the secret of his immortal "Faust," and he will tell you that, though he worked upon that poem through sixty years, yet that in its plan and conception "it burst upon him suddenly and full-orbed, like Minerva from the head of Zeus." It is ever thus. Be it poet, artist, musician, seer, thinker, or ruler of men, your true man of genius has no explanation to offer of the wonderful results he produces except this one simple, yet fathomless one of personality,—

"Here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws that made them, and, lo! they are!"

You may say, as did Newton of himself, that "genius is only a great power of taking pains"; but no words can thus bridge the gulf between it and lesser minds. Better, rather, to frankly acknowledge it for what it is,—the greater miracle of that personality whose lesser miracles of ordinary men and women are yet so divinely great, a sublime incarnation of the great race soul of humanity, and so endowed with wondrous power to stir and kindle and awaken this same soul of the race in you and in me.

What the hand of time, with its iron pen of institutions, customs, laws, writes or traces on this hidden man of the heart, it always traces in that indelible ink, the life-blood of the hastening generations of men; and it is the mission of that rare and splendid personality that we call genius to bring out these hidden characters of truth within us all, and so help us to see them in the clear, white light in which our great brothers see them. "Seek within yourself," says Goethe, "and you will find everything, and rejoice that without there lies a nature that says yea and amen to all you have discovered in yourself."

Yes; but some more gifted insight than our own may first have to show us what to find there. But, then, to think that this great race soul in you and in me—this soul for which a whole one hundred million years of animal development was only the scaffolding—is itself, with all its vast, unnumbered, undeveloped possibilities, only the germ of that eternal, indestructible life which is ours, as God's children,—does not this help us to see how immeasurably grand a thing is this human personality? We lay noble stress upon individuality,—that quality that separates and distinguishes. But this something in us,—even diviner because more human,—it is through this power far more than through our individuality of nature that the great race soul of humanity and the infinite soul of God are first reproduced in us, and then, through us, kindle with their magnetic, sympathetic fire the lives of men, our brethren. It is far more through this mysterious power of our nature than through our individuality that we are able to sympathize with the life and thoughts of universal man. It is because of it that we can say with Terence of old Rome, "I am a man: I esteem nothing human foreign to myself." Without this power the great life of the past, as well as all the manifold life, unlike our own of the present day, would be an utter enigma, a riddle that no man would ever attempt to solve. This power, which enables us to read the meaning of the past and all our race's manifold joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, simply by looking into our own souls, where all is written as on a palimpsest or reflected in a mirror,—this divine, supernatural power,—it is simply that of personality. I define it as that through which we are enabled to multiply our merely individual lives into the lives and experiences of all men. Father Taylor, the Boston sailor-preacher, showed it, when

once, in a public prayer, he cried, "O Lord, I am a widow with five small children." This was his striking and dramatic way of expressing his sense of oneness with his kind. Jesus grandly illustrated it when he prayed for his disciples that they might be one with him, even as he was one with the Father. The patriot acts under its mighty impulse when he makes his country's cause his own. The religious martyr, who is ready to make sacrifice of life for God and right, as he understands them,—all men, indeed, who find their lives by losing them in the larger, broader, grander life of the universe and of humanity,—are its high examples.

The simple fact is we are surrounded on all sides by an infinite ocean of life. We are each a living conscious drop in that ocean. The universe itself is electric with life; and all the thoughts and all the actions and experiences of a whole race of men bear down upon us, as an atmosphere charged with this universal life. Personality is simply that quality of soul by which, like a focus, its gathered rays of light we take up into ourselves, and then pass on in larger, fuller measure this life of man and of God. Individuality, individual power and force of character, is the fulcrum of the inward life; but personality is that inward life itself,—*the hidden man of the heart*,—through which come all the revelations and manifestations of the universal life.

What reverence a man owes himself!

Work and rest from work, pleasure, and pain,—let all be looked upon as simply the means of developing and educating a noble personality. JOSEPH A. CHASE.

A CALIFORNIAN TOUR.

I have been asked to write for the *Unitarian* an account of my second tour in California, with special reference to the present outlook of our churches in that State. My first visit to "our Italy" was made in the early part of 1890. At that time I saw a good deal of all our churches in the Golden State,—preached in their pulpits, spoke to the Sunday-schools, and often met the teachers in special conference. I also took part in the opening meeting of the Unitarian Club in San Francisco. The general impression which I carried away was that of the vigorous growth and fine promise of nearly every Unitarian parish in California. My second tour to the Pacific Coast, extending from February to June of the present year, has deepened that first impression, and has also enabled me to note the advance made in many directions in the two intervening years.

Our first halt was made at Redlands, one of the most beautiful, as it is one of the most rapidly growing, towns of Southern California. Stretching over "magnificent distances," just below the foot-hills of the great San Bernardino range, surrounded on three sides by snow-capped mountains, supplied with an abundance of water for irrigating its extensive orange fields, and lying well above the region of frost, Redlands is justly proud of its lovely situation, its fertile uplands, and its fine residences, the homes of an energetic and cultivated people.

The pastor of the new Unitarian society, which was organized early during the present year, is Rev. A. J. Wells, whose principal charge, however, is the older and much larger parish in the neighboring city of San Bernardino. That we have these two promising societies, and that we have in their pulpits the able and scholarly minister who was formerly one of the "shining lights" of Congregationalism in Los Angeles, is largely due to the missionary zeal and personal efforts of our brother, Rev. Dr. Eli Fay, now residing at Sierra Madre. The enthusiasm of Dr. Fay and of his accomplished wife for the Unitarian cause has in it a quality of contagion. I found it shared by not a few of our earnest workers in this section of Southern California. Our ministers in Dr. Fay's immediate neighborhood seem to find in him an unfrocked bishop, who continually heartens and counsels them in their work.

One of these younger ministers, Rev. Leslie W. Sprague, is infusing new life into the society at Pomona. To this thriving town, devoted, as its name signifies, to fruit culture, one might apply the line of Virgil, slightly altered:—

"By her advancing steps the [city of the] goddess reveals herself."

Mr. Sprague has a colleague in his "better half," who was formerly his fellow-student at

Meadville. An annex to the Pomona parish has been started at Ontario, the youngest of our Southern California churches. Hardly older, however, is the society in Santa Ana, under the charge of Rev. E. A. Watson, who came to us two years ago from the Methodists.

Visiting Santa Ana, to give a lecture in the "Star Course," which Mr. Van Ness had organized in connection with Mr. Watson, I realized, for the first time, to what length the intolerance of some "evangelicals" in California can go. The lectures, given on week-day evenings, were absolutely non-sectarian, dealing with themes that belong to the realms of literature and science. Yet on each recurring lecture night the "unco guid" combined their forces and offered some counter-attraction to keep their young people from listening to these wicked discussions of poetry, astronomy, and history. But such opposition to Unitarian labors is feeble compared with the "boycott" with which the evangelical clergy of Los Angeles threatened the newspapers of that city if they continued to publish reports of the sermons of our minister, Mr. Thomson. No stronger testimony could be given to the effectiveness of Mr. Thomson's preaching in Los Angeles. I can, however, bear personal witness to the phenomenal effect created by this preaching. Nothing like it has come to my notice since many years ago I heard Spurgeon in his famous tabernacle in London. The church building, that will accommodate between eight hundred and nine hundred persons, is packed every Sunday to its utmost capacity, even the pulpit platform being crowded with eager listeners. The service, usually lasting two full hours, is, from beginning to end, devout, fervent, uplifting. All seem to join in the hearty congregational singing, and no one leaves till the closing hymn has been sung and the benediction pronounced. The prayers, though voiced by one, are "common supplications made with one accord." Few prayers to which I have listened seem such open ways to the presence-chamber of the Infinite, inviting all to enter in and find the promised rest. The hour-long discourse is preached without notes, and, as a rule, is spiritual and practical rather than doctrinal. It translates the gospel into the dialect of to-day. In simple language, with homely illustrations, often with finely humorous touches, the preacher interprets the great laws of right living, and applies their lessons to the moral and spiritual needs of those before him. No one can attend one of Mr. Thomson's services without being convinced that his great congregation hear him "gladly,"

> "And in the church a blessing find,
> Which fills their homes again."

Without discussing the question whether Unitarianism can reach the masses, our brother in Los Angeles solves this problem by simply doing it. He will resume his work this fall with a still larger congregation, the church having recently been altered to accommodate an audience of eleven or twelve hundred persons.

Of our church in San Diego there is little to report, but that little is a word of hearty admiration for the unfaltering loyalty and unwavering hopefulness shown by Brother McDaniel and his faithful people through a prolonged and not yet ended period of financial drought, from which the city by the beautiful bay has been suffering.

At Santa Barbara, which we reached just before Easter, we found a beautiful new stone church, in which it was a real pleasure to preach and to lecture. But even the beauty of Brother Thacher's meeting-house was eclipsed that Easter week by the grand flower festival with which the San Barbarenos astonished themselves, as well as their multitude of guests. In that land of flowers and perpetual summer, "where every prospect pleases," it is hard to conceive of humanity being bad enough to require even the gentle restraint of Unitarian preaching!

Of a month's sojourn in San Francisco and vicinity I have too little space to give any detailed record. It was pleasant to find the church at Alameda, which two years previous was a mission church, prospering under a minister of its own; pleasant to note the enthusiasm with which the new society at Berkeley, under Mr. Payne, was starting out,—an enthusiasm which had been well kindled in the small beginnings of the parish, when Prof. Haskell, of the State University, conducted the Sunday services. At Oakland, in Mr. Wendte's absence, one realized what the play of "Hamlet" is with the character of the Prince of Denmark omitted. Still, it was a pleasure to preach

in his commodious new church, to note the varied activities of the parish, and to listen each Sunday to a most enjoyable and truly religious "service of song" from the large chorus choir and the excellent male quartette. The Oakland Unitarian Society is hardly five years old; but it is safe to say that no other Protestant church in the city is so closely identified with all the movements and institutions that make for the higher life of the community.

Of the Unity Mission Church in San Francisco, of the Sacramento society, which has recently called Mr. Horner, and of the new parishes in Fresno and Stockton, I can only speak from hearsay. It was certainly a wise move on the part of Mr. Van Ness to start a society at Stockton, one of the few cities in California which is sure of a great future. The same promise of civic growth is to be noted in San José, where the Unitarian society, under Mr. Haskell, has been gaining rapidly in numbers and influence, and is about to dedicate its new and handsome church edifice.

In San Francisco I had the pleasure of taking part in the closing meeting for the season of the "Unitarian Club of California." The subject under discussion was "Municipal Reform," and the paper by the president of the club, Mr. Frank J. Symmes, was at once instructive and suggestive. The influence of the club—whose membership is now quite large—is steadily growing, and its work is doing much to make Unitarianism more widely felt and more respected in California. Mr. Charles A. Murdock, an ex-president of the club, edits and publishes the *Guidon*, a monthly paper devoted to the varied interests of Unitarianism on the Pacific Coast. As superintendent of the large "Pilgrim Church" Sunday-school and president of the Pacific Coast Sunday School Union, as well as by his frequent services as lay-preacher, Mr. Murdock renders invaluable service to pure and undefiled religion in the Golden State.

No survey, however, of Unitarianism in California would be complete that overlooked the indebtedness of our cause to the personal influence of the revered pastor of the First Unitarian Society of San Francisco. For twenty-eight years Dr. Stebbins has carried on his truly apostolic ministry in the great Californian metropolis. Many persons who have been his constant hearers bear witness that his preaching has been to them a liberal education in ethics and religion. Many more testify to the quickening power of his personality in all good causes affecting the public welfare. To say of such a ministry, "How far this candle throws his beams!" would be praise that is wholly inadequate. One thinks rather of some stately *pharos* on a commanding promontory, whose light stretches over many leagues of water and penetrates to every smallest bay and inlet along the coast. By such force of really great personalities is religion built up in the hearts and lives of men. Through the work of such leaders the kingdom of truth, holiness, and love, wins its noiseless but enduring victories.

Serus in cœlum redeat!

HENRY G. SPAULDING.

THE VALUE OF SUNDAY.

I.

In the first place, we need one day in seven as a day of rest. This is a bodily necessity. Even the lower animals have this same need. The owners of large omnibus and horse-car lines have found that they can obtain one-seventh more work from a horse at the end of a week by working him only six days in that week. In the time of the French Revolution, when it was the rage to make society all over, according to theory, the attempt was made to substitute for the week and the Sunday the decimal division of time and a holiday once in ten days. But the experiment did not succeed. A French writer says of it: "We know now by experience that the fifth day is too near, and the tenth day too remote from rest. Terror, which affected at this time everything in France, was never able to force the peasant to fulfil the ten day period, because there was a want of power in human strength and in the strength of animals to do it. The ox was unable to labor nine days successively. At the end of the sixth day his lowings seemed to demand the hours appointed by the Creator for the general rest of the creature."

Were man's muscles of cast-iron, perhaps, then he might work continually, without needing any days of recuperation; although

the experience of great machine-shops and manufacturers, compelled to stop almost every week to repair their machinery, will hardly permit it even with such material. But, as long as man's muscles are of flesh, certainly he cannot endure an uninterrupted strain. Let a laborer or clerk work hard six days continuously, and he comes to the seventh day with weary foot and heavy hand. If compelled to go on, it is with fatigue and listlessness. His slow and feeble strokes accomplish not half as much as usual. If the tension is maintained too long without relaxation, the bent bow snaps in twain. But let him enjoy a day of rest, and he goes back to his work with new vigor and interest.

The same is true of brain-work. There are many who think limbs need rest, but brains never do. But there is no kind of work more exhausting and more insidious than brain-work, and no kind the quality of which suffers more from any over-exertion. The early decline and often premature deaths of those whose success in their studies had excited the highest hopes is often due to such continuous over-exertion, which would not respect even the customary resting-time of the Sunday. And among mature intellects valuable lives have often been lost in the same way. Mr. Wilberforce, after hearing that Lord Castlereagh had destroyed himself, wrote as follows in his diary: "He was certainly deranged,—the effect probably of continued wear and tear of mind. But the strong impression of my mind is that it was the effect of the non-observance of Sunday, both as abstaining from politics, from the constant recurrence of the same reflections, and as correcting the false view of worldly things and bringing them down to their true diminutiveness."

Many will remember the sudden death of Horace Greeley so soon after the political campaign in which he was a candidate for the highest office of our government. A short time before his death he said mournfully to a friend, "I want one peaceful Sunday: I have not had one for many years."

What a pathos there is in those words, "not one peaceful Sunday in many years"! Who cannot see in this one of the direct causes of that incurable sleeplessness and inflammation of the brain which resulted in his death? Who cannot see that the great intellectual workers, whose powers are tasked so heavily and constantly, need to make it a matter of conscience to secure for themselves "a peaceful Sunday," whose complete repose and serene atmosphere may allow the over-stimulated brain to settle back into a healthy condition, and may break the circuit of worry, vexation, and nervous irritability whose ceaseless current makes such inroads upon the strongest physical organization?

We need the Sunday, then, in the first place, for rest,—rest from the excessive strain which body and mind would suffer without it. And never do we more need it than in the present age, when speculation is so feverish, competition so fierce, business so overdriven; when every man who desires to succeed in his calling keeps the wheels of toil whirling till the axles smoke and soon would burn themselves up, did not Sunday once a week arrest them with its blessed brake.

But is this the only use of the Sunday? Many assume that it is, and devote it to complete indolence. Sleeping and eating and lounging consume the sacred day. This is using it as the beast uses it. It would be very well if man were nothing more. But he has not merely a body, but a soul. That must have its rest as well as the remainder of our nature,—its rest from burdens of worldly cares and anxieties; its soothing absorption in religious studies and spiritual meditations, and especially that most healing of balms, the worship of the Great Author of all Good and Ruler of all events. Our spiritual natures demand their satisfaction as well as our physical natures. They aspire above the level of mere gold-gathering: they are not contented with mere sensual gratifications or trifling pastimes. They yearn, with a yearning perhaps vague and dumb and hardly conscious of what it wants, for some sweeter and purer and more blessed food than anything outward, anything earthly, can give; and this yearning will never be adequately and permanently satisfied till these spiritual natures come consciously into contact with the great fountain of love and goodness,—the Spirit above, who is the Father of all spirits below. The religious wants of human nature are a part of its

original endowment. All history shows that we were made to worship, made to praise and pray and seek communion and peace with the Divine. We are not men such as God made us to be until we become religious. And, if we do not use our religious capacities, we are like birds that do not use their wings. Our neglect will be punished by the stunting and decay of the highest and most precious part of our natures.

Now, compelled as we are, by the very necessity of maintaining our existence, to turn our attention so closely to practical and worldly matters, the higher things of the spirit would be entirely crowded out of our thought and work, were there not, by common consent, one day set apart out of the week when men should be left free to give themselves up fully for a brief season to worship, meditation, and religious reading and study.

This religious use of Sunday, to act as a salutary and most necessary check upon the materialism which presses so closely upon the rest of the week; to serve, as Channing once described it, "as the remembrance of our immortality, the soul's holiday, when it should renew itself in happier regions," is, of course, the most important use of Sunday. But it is so clear that I need not dwell longer on it. I will merely point out that, although this use of Sunday is the most important of all, it should not, any more than any other single use, occupy it exclusively. To bring the hours of worship so early that there is no time for the bodily refreshment which is one of its chief objects and uses, to crowd Sunday so full of religious exercises,—first Sunday-school, then morning and afternoon service, and, finally, evening prayer-meeting or lecture—that it leaves one more tired at the end of the day of rest than at the end of our regular working days, this is as plain a misuse of the Sunday as it would be to use it exclusively for rest and allow no time for worship. One earnest devotional service, listened to with fresh sense and mind, and joined in by the whole heart and soul, will do more good to a man than any number of such religious meetings attended wearily and languidly. One such hearty and solid service is about as much as one generally can profit by. A second is apt to tire the attention, confuse the memory and the current of thought and meditation. We can live on the higher heights of the spirit only for a brief period at one time.

We see, then, that, though there were no commandment of the Scriptures enjoining the observance of the first day of the week, we are not free to use all days alike. For there are commandments written on the tablets of our physical and spiritual constitution ordaining that one day, at least, in seven be set apart for rest of the body and refreshing of the soul. No one day in itself, to be sure, is any holier than another. But, if we would have our days holy at all, it is necessary—with the nature that we have and the circumstances in which we are placed—that we make them holy in different ways. If we would have the most of our week holy in cheerfulness and faithfulness and energetic work, holy in honesty of speech and act and justice of judgment, in generous open-handedness and charitable open-mindedness, then it is essential that we keep habitually one day in the week holy in quite another way,—in that peace of body and soul, in such quiet of limb and such activity of spirit as shall fill full that fountain of will power and nervous force, of good resolutions and noble aspirations on which so many draughts will be made during the remainder of the time.

And it is important, too, that this day of bodily and spiritual renewal be one generally observed and agreed on; for only so can all enjoy it, only so will one person not interfere with another. Moreover, too, it should be punctiliously and statedly observed and strengthened by constant habit, that it may not gradually be encroached upon, and by its irregularity lose its hold upon us, and our susceptibility of responding to it be weakened. And, moreover, in selecting such a day, what better day can a Christian choose than that one which is already endeared to him by its connection with the greatest event in the life of our Founder, his resurrection, and which invites to all the thoughts and hopes connected with it? Moved by such considerations, the early Christians set apart the first day of the week. And it is now a settled institution,—the ancient and venerated inheritance of our faith. It has heard from age to age, at every weekly return, the prayers of all Christendom, and by its noble services to the cause of all the higher interests of humanity it has shown itself a part of the providential order of the world. It

would be foolish to try to change the weekly day of rest and worship to any other day. It would be worse than foolish to endeavor to abrogate it altogether.

JAMES T. BIXBY.

Yonkers, N.Y.

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*DR. HALE IN WALES.**

BETTWS-Y-COED, July 11, 1892.

You shall escape politics to-day, and for a week at least we will let the disturbed spirits of Home Rule and Nationalism and Unionism rest. For us, we will go to Wales.

Dear Dr. Bellows, one of the truest as he was one of the tenderest of friends, said to me once, as I was starting for Europe, "Spend all the time you can in Wales." It was excellent advice. And man (or woman) might do well to take it for a long summer.

Those of our readers who have studied Language, with a large L, will readily make out the meaning of the word "Bettws-y-Coed."

This "chapel in the woods" is now a charming place of spring and summer resort for artists, fishermen, and sensible people like our readers. It is an afternoon's ride from Liverpool, and the wise American traveller comes here for a day or two to recover from the damages of his sea-faring.

If you will imagine your favorite valley in the White Mountains, whatever that is, as it will appear after two or three centuries of people have made it a summer home, bringing in all the comforts of civilized life, and yet doing their best not to spoil mountain and waterfall, you have Bettws-y-Coed. We rode and we walked. We saw Snowden and the hills which belong to him, and saw them with a black squall sweeping over,—just like a good water-column of Welsh scenery. The black clouds and the rush of wind over a pretty lake made us Yankees sure of rain.

"I give you my word of honor that it shall not rain," said the driver (whom, to meet his native prejudices, we called "coachman"). His name, I need not say, was David Williams,—an excellent name for an excellent man. He spoke as if it were a part of his business to set the rain a-going or to withhold it.

Of course it did not rain. I afterwards consulted him on this method of determining such matters. "Oh," he said, "the wind has come round into the dry quarter. I should not have said a word, had the wind been in the south-east."

Our road on this drive was the Capel-Curig road (chapel of Saint Curig, if you are curious, which "Chapel," New Church, we saw); and this was the old Holyhead posting road, on which the stage-coaches slammed along in the old days of posting. It is still kept in perfect order, often with a good sidewalk at its side. But no tolls have been collected for some years.

The Swallow's Fall is a fine cascade, close by the roadside, called, in some of the books, the finest in Wales. A beautiful fall it is,—which I will not describe, dreading the fate of those who "describe the indescribable." But I had so good an experience there—whether of mind-reading or of the success of other people's descriptions—that I must tell the story. Here was the "deep plunge of a mountain cascade"; here was the "pool resting below"; and above was a ruin on a hill-top, looking down on the same. I said that it fitted the old ballad of Gwen-wynn-wynn, which I used to speak when I was a boy at school; and, finding the others had forgotten it, I took the first occasion to repeat it. Imagine my delight, when I got at the guide-book afterward, to find that the legends of the place say that the pool at the bottom is the resting place of Sir John Wynn (observe Gwen-wynn-wynn), an old sinner of three centuries ago. This fits the ballad closely enough.

Now, how should I have known that this mountain cascade, out of five thousand in Wales, was that of the ballad? Did some weird thrill from the old sinner's wet soul chill mine for the moment, when I thought that spray was sweeping up from below?

One sees how easily the diving of the friar and the diving of the nobleman who presented the living would be mixed together.

When I went to live in Worcester, forty-six years ago, good luck put in my hands the amusing biography of Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, among these Welsh mountains. In those prehistoric times we were made or expected to read Watson's Apology for Christianity, and I had met the expectation. He was almost the only Whig of promi-

* A "Travel Letter" written by Edward Everett Hale to the Boston *Commonwealth.*

nence among the scholarly clergy of those days; or, if you put it the other way, he was almost the only scholarly clergyman among the Whigs. When Fox came in and the little interlude of Peace was acted, Watson expected to "get something," as politicians did—in such prehistoric times. Unfortunately, the only bishop who chose to die was the Bishop of Llandaff, and Fox immediately nominated Watson to the vacant see. It is there that the story comes in of King George's surprise. They told him that Watson wrote the Apology for Christianity, and the king said he did not know it needed to be apologized for. However, all the same, he made Watson Bishop of Llandaff.

For which Watson, although he accepted the place, was always very cross with Fox, because, indeed, the bishopric was not a more lucrative one. He seems to have thought that it was Fox's fault that no other bishop died. I suppose Fox knew only too well that it would be dangerous to wait,—as indeed it would have been. There was never another bishop appointed, who was even suspected of Liberalism, for the next thirty years.

Watson took the see, such as it was, and made the best of it. He was an enterprising man, and found a good deal of occupation in other matters than learning Welsh and breaking up conventicles. He took to buying desolate hills and planting trees, then an industry quite new; and the admiring editor of his autobiography, after his death, told with delight how much property the enterprising bishop left in forests to his family.

The story interested me very much, and I proposed to myself to clothe with wood the barren hillsides of Worcester County. Like a similar person in one of Scott's novels, I have never had time to attend to this. I am all the more pleased in Wales to see how far Dr. Watson's example has been followed. It is queer, when one looks off to a hillside which reminds him of the White Mountains, to notice an absolute contemporaneity of the trees, which shows that they all came from the same nursery on the same day.

It was queer again to observe that my nice David Williams, in pointing out a distant forest, never spoke of it as a forest or a wood or a piece of timber, but always as a "plantation." Language itself thus follows history.

The Fairy Glen is another pretty mountain cascade, at a convenient distance for visitors. Do you remember S., our charming artist friend, who used to select her subjects where there was a good seat and shade for the painter? So I have observed that cascades within a mile or so of a good hotel are more popular than those hid in the hills far away. A nice old Welshman with bated breath told me that this was not a glen. I wish I knew what it was, for I have heard the remark often made before. It is a very pretty gorge, with another tearing mountain torrent rushing through, and rocks all painted green with mosses — a place which you might come to to be happy in every day of the summer. I dare say the fairies are there still, wondering at the ways of mortals. The numbers of people of all ages and conditions who do come gave me meditations as I walked home,— aspiring young pedestrians, who asked from me the way to Dolwydeddelen. Is not that a delightful name?

Oddly enough, ever since we landed it has seemed as if the people of this island were all the time celebrating holidays. Is it perhaps true that travellers, having no business on hand, become a sort of Bohemians or Gypsies, and are thrown in with the other ne'er-do-weels as a kind of outsiders? For I remember that an English traveller once said to me that all the Americans seemed to be celebrating something. I believe that in Italy there are one hundred and fifty-two saints'-days to be celebrated every year. Let this be as it may, we stumbled on the election in Chester, the county elections have met us two or three times since, and at Betty's—as we irreverently call that old Bedesman's home—everybody is on an "excursion."

Mr. Brooks's clever lines, written in *Punch's* name, says, "Taffy is a Welshman, Taffy's not a thief" and he goes on to eulogize him in a pretty fashion;—

Taffy is a Welshman,
  Taffy's not a thief;
Taffy's mutton's very good,
  Not so good his beef.
I went to Taffy's house;
  Several things I saw,
Cleanliness and godliness,
  Obedience to law.

If Taffy rides to my house,
  Or into Pat's doth swim,
I think my Taffy may remark
  That we might learn of him.

He does not drink, my Taffy
  (Not, leastwise, as a rule);
He goes to chapel regular,
  And sends his boys to school;
He dresses well on Sunday,
  His family the like;
He's not too fond of over-work,
  But seldom cares to strike.
He never lurks behind a hedge
  To pay his rent with slugs;
Up craggy hills of steep incline
  His garden mould he lugs,
And there he grows his garden,
  His cabbages and leeks.
His kids get green meat in their mouths
  And roses in their cheeks.

Taffy is a Welshman,
  And glories in the name,
To laugh at which enjoyment
  Appears to be a shame.

We can vouch for the roses in the cheeks of the children; and, in general, our slight observation confirms *Punch's* judgment. I have not seen anything but comfort, more than thrift, and cheerfulness in Wales. Every house is in pretty and neat surroundings. I wish all the houses in Roxbury were as attractive as are all the houses in Bettws and Capel-Curig. I have not seen a ragged man, woman, or child, or one with "broken shoes" in the three or four days since I wrote you at Chester.

If any American follows these letters for hints for a summer holiday, I beg him not to leave the quaint little city of Conway out from some hours of his plans, if indeed he cannot give to it some days. England has few, if any, places where the habits of old centuries are better preserved. You know the Dean of Chester, at a public dinner, complimented Freeman, whom he did not like, as "our friend who does so much every day to make us well acquainted with the rude customs of our Saxon ancestors." I will not say that Conway takes us quite back to Athelstan. But nothing can give one a better idea of Elizabeth's early days than the Plas Maur (Palatium Majus, observe, if you choose to translate your Gaelic into Latin). It was the great house of 1560 or thereabouts, built, they do say, by the family of my old rascal of the ballad of the Diving Friar. And, whoever built it, there seems no doubt that Queen Elizabeth has visited it. Indeed, the letters E. R. in the carving, repeated once and again, may be well taken for Elizabeth Regina.

I hardly dare describe it without drawings or models. Imagine frequent stone floors, now masked in part by the carpets which the Cambrian Academy have laid where they say Queen Elizabeth walked on rushes. Imagine windows with such tiny little panes that one wonders that the glaziers of three hundred years have consented to mend them in their emergencies. No one has ever taken pains to tell me that, even in such houses of the great, the doorways are often so low that no one above the age of childhood can pass through one without stooping, and that often one has to stoop low. The more elegant rooms were ceiled, not only above, but on each side, with carved plaster decorations, resembling in material what we call the stucco ornamentation with which we surround the place of a chandelier, perhaps, on the ceiling above us, but in the hands of these old Welshmen covering the tops and sides.

The fireplaces were enormous. And, if the Welsh hills are sometimes bare today, any person who knows what our New Hampshire Wales is doing with her woods will not fail to understand why they are bare. Such fires as the Wynns maintained tell of logs ten or twelve feet long and of a plenty of them.

The plan of the house is well worthy of an architect's study, grouped, as the buildings are, about a pretty central garden, a little as they might be around a Spanish *patio*.

So no more at present from yours truly,

EDWARD E. HALE.

SOME THOUGHTS.

Religion is older than religions, and these belong to one great spiritual family. Whatever their rank, they are all of one kin.

Dogma in religion is vanishing before the assurance that religious life is the main thing. There are but two articles in the universal creed, love to God and love to man.

Definitions of God have of late been vanishing, but the idea of God has been growing stronger in the mind. The mystery of it deepens, but the conviction of it deepens also with the expanding life.

If our intellectual progress could be expressed in time, it would seem twice a hundred years since we rested in the religious ideas of our childhood. Yet our religious feelings and convictions remain, surviving all changes in the form of our thought.

This, evidently, is less important than the religious spirit and life.

It took many years to establish the doctrine of development in the natural world. Conservatism drew the line at man. Then he, too, was placed in the field of evolution; that is, the physical man. Conservatism again drew the line at human intellect. Darwin, Taine, Huxley, and Spencer finally prevailed, and the sweep of the law was extended. But religion and ethics must lie outside and above this law. They are supernatural, it is contended.

Now, conservatism is learning from its own teachers that a true theism demands the universality of the law of evolution. Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott has recently sent out some notable utterances along this line, placing all religion, Christianity included, within the field of evolution.

Lyman Abbott is among those preachers of our day who are not afraid to trust science and the spirit of inquiry. He has leaped over the theological barbed-wire fence, as his predecessor, Henry Ward Beecher, did when he came in sight of the fresh fields of modern thought. The dry, juiceless straw, threshed over in theological contests for ages, fails to nourish such men. They demand something with the new life in it.

Who removes the veil? Man. Who realizes inspiration? The aspiring man.

Religion, then, is not something given to or thrust upon man. It is the natural movement of the soul in the presence and under the influence of God,—the response of the soul to the divine attraction.

A passive soul, no religion; an active, aspiring soul, some manifestation of real religion, conditioned by the intelligence of the worshipper.

As religion is now seen to fall in with all the natural belongings of man,—to be a natural impulse, a mental habit, a spiritual attitude common to all,—our whole concern is to realize it at its best, and to let it dominate our lives.

Inspiration has no fixed date; revelation, no geographical bounds.

Inspiration answers to aspiration; revelation, to the search of man.

"Seek, and ye shall find," said the great teacher; and one of the older prophets of Israel put into the mouth of God these words: "Ye shall seek me and find me when ye shall search for me with your whole heart."

Aspiration, religion, revelation, are in the soul, not in books nor a book, not in doctrines, rites, nor churches. These are only vehicles of aspiration, means of revelation, signs of religion.

Cherishing a book, believing doctrines, conforming to rites, supporting churches, will stand no one instead of real religion, having which he is a "living epistle," a persuasive to belief more forcible than the creeds, an embodied worship, and a living temple of the Holy Spirit.

Religion has a three fold expression,—feeling, thought, and action. If only one of these is recognized, something less than the religion that man needs results. Dogmatism and fanaticism mislead and fetter the mind. If there is a religion that presents these three phases and helps men to realize them all in harmony, it is the religion of humanity. BENJAMIN F. MCDANIEL.

San Diego, Cal.

DO UNITARIANS BELITTLE JESUS CHRIST?

In an able sermon preached before the Unitarian Society of Greenfield, Mass., by the pastor, Rev. A. A. Brooks, May 22, 1892, and printed by the Guild of the Good Shepherd in the interests of the church, Mr. Brooks gives an excellent reply to the false statement so often circulated that Unitarianism degrades the dignity and detracts from the power and glory of Jesus. We quote the following:—

"Indifference to truth about Jesus Christ, unwillingness to inquire what we ought to think of him,—these might be dishonoring him or end in dishonoring him. But a serious and candid wish to do him justice, this is no intentional slight or belittlement of him. Which is better, to accept with unthinking minds the traditions about William Tell and the apple, or Columbus and the egg, or Washington and the cherry-tree,

or to investigate and reason about these men and these things, in order to reach a true and valid opinion? 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy *mind*,'—what does that mean except that it is right to think and our duty to think, even about God? Which is to do most honor to Jesus Christ, then, to think about him or to neglect to think? Aside from what the *result* of thinking may be, which is the proper course for us to take in this matter,—the most vital of all matters,—to have a mind or to have no mind?

"The Unitarian controversy in the beginning turned upon the point of the nature of Jesus Christ. It was not making little of him, it was making much of him, that men, for intellectual honesty, should leave the Church and become another denomination,—with all that means of odium and persecution. In the second place, what was the result of their thinking? It was that the commonly held doctrine of the trinity was not found in the Bible. This doctrine has been held by the majority of Christians, not because they thought about it, but because, instead of seriously thinking about it, they have accepted what was told them in church. When people began to think and use their minds, the first great discovery was that there was nothing about it in the Bible. The *word* does not occur anywhere. The *idea* is expressed only in one verse, which has been proved not to belong in the Bible, and has been left out in the new version. The supposed *suggestions* of the doctrine in such expressions as the benediction are not a statement of the doctrine, and would not suggest it to one who had not it already in mind. But whence came the doctrine? It was a later development. Jesus knew nothing of it. Nor yet his immediate followers for a hundred years. Then there grew this worship of the Son as God. The Son of God became God the Son; and so, in course of some four hundred years, by various influences from Egyptian and Greek thinking, and as a result of the exalting tendency of the human mind and of various church disputes,—all clearly traceable,—there grew up this doctrine of the trinity. The *Church*, and not the New Testament, is the father of it. This is all well known now and generally admitted, even by trinitarians. It has to be. It is a question of fact, and, as such, admits of proof. Now, I ask, is it dishonoring Jesus to accept his testimony and that of his disciples to this truth rather than the testimony of the Church? Certainly not. Certainly, it ought not to seem so to that very body of Christians which places authority in religion in the Bible rather than in the Church. Catholics may say that, though the doctrine of the trinity is not found in the New Testament, it is found in the Church; and the Church is our authority, and as good. But Protestants have repudiated that idea, and gone back to Scripture for the seat of authority. Now, when it is clearly shown that there is no trinity in the New Testament, ought those who rely solely on what the New Testament says to say we are belittling Jesus in accepting this New Testament estimate of him?

"Assuming Jesus to be God to begin with, his life is no more than we should expect,—nay, is rather poor and ineffective for the very God of God. But, starting with his humanity, how wonderful and glorious the attainment, how startling the revelation of the divinity within humanity! It is far more striking and stirring to look at Jesus' life against the background of his human nature than against the background of his divine nature.

"The Unitarian thought of Christ centres more upon his life than his death. Instead of dwelling on theories about his reconciliation of the world to God, by some divine and superhuman plan which we cannot understand, but can only accept, we dwell with loving reverence upon that wondrous life whereby the love of God the Father became a daily and an hourly fact to the world, if not comprehensible, at least intelligent and real. This is no belittlement of Jesus, to turn to his life more than his death, to honor him who lived the life rather than to exalt him as the vehicle and machine of God's purpose, to revere the living action and presence instead of the mechanism of God's device. To look with awe-struck gaze upon the fancied divine plan of redemption is, at any rate, no more to honor Jesus than sincerely to try to reproduce his life and spirit in ourselves. Some great man has said that it is indeed much easier to worship Jesus than to imitate, easier to set him up on a pinnacle than to reproduce his image in our lives. It is

profoundly true. Veneration of him is easy. But there is one true God, and he only is to be worshipped. Jesus is our life pattern. Each has his place. The worship of God leads us to the imitation of Jesus. The imitation of Jesus helps the worship of God.

"Unitarians accept Jesus Christ as a pattern of life. We do not believe on him as a sort of magician or talismanic influence that shall save us from everlasting punishment or any punishment. We believe on him in order that we may be helped to live better lives here and now. This is to do him honor. It is not to degrade him by superstition to our personal gain. It is accepting him openly and honestly for all he is and can be to us of inspiration and strength and peace and comfort.

"It has been said that a characteristic of this age, of the age that is beginning to dawn, is a return to Christ. We are all coming back to his life and truth with a new sense of its ultimate and perfect fitness to the world. And we Unitarians are not behind in this movement. We honor and revere Jesus the Christ, not in name so much as in spirit and in truth.

"We worship the one true God, the father of us all; we worship him in spirit and in truth. And we honor Jesus, the brother and master of mankind, the revelation of God's love for men, the meeting point of humanity and divinity, who is not the complete God, nor yet merely man, who is not partly God and partly man, who is not some strange, fanciful being half-way between God and man, but who, in being perfect man, becomes God-like, who, in his fulfilled humanity, exhibits his divinity, and so inspires us to be the men and the women God meant us to be and wants us to be."

THE LEGACY OF QUAKERISM.

There are two periods in the life of a sect as well as a man when its weakness is really its strength.

First comes the moment of determination, the struggle to live, upborne by a daily increase of purpose, which inevitably calls forth the interest of the multitude. Adversity but acknowledges its existence, and hints at its promise; while prosperity rapidly fosters its growth.

And again, in its decadence, when the memory of the battles that have been won obliterates the record of mistakes and refines past criticism. It is with this feeling that we love to linger over the thought of the Quakers, those good people who are slowly, but surely, passing away.

In the summer of 1888 it was said by an English paper, whose data I cannot confirm, that no new meeting had been established in Great Britain for upwards of twenty years; and, without any reliable statistics before me, I should hazard an opinion that this also is true of America.* On my last visit to the prominent Race Street Society of Hicksite Friends in Philadelphia, after an absence of several years, I was appalled at the diminution of members in the gallery; and the plain bonnets might have been counted on the fingers. Indeed, I silently remarked my own dress as among those of the greatest simplicity; yet the meeting was a large one, and the preachers presented the true Quaker doctrine of the "Indwelling Spirit" with much earnestness, although the chief speaker of the morning wore a full beard and a soft felt hat.

On the other hand, in the orthodox meeting, the number present was very small; but the old garb was closely adhered to, and I could not see that the sternest picture of the fate of the sinner had in the least been softened. I do not know how closely the "queries" in the business meetings are followed in the "year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two," but I do know the lovely woman who is of late frequently called upon to serve as one of the "committee" appointed to attend the weddings in pursuance of the old desire that "all may be conducted after the manner of Friends." She has never worn a cap nor crossed her gentle heart with a snowy kerchief; but so lofty is the standard of the marriage tie which she upholds that her very presence is a reminder to the parties concerned of the serious preparation of the spirit which should precede the solemnization of the mutual promise before their God.

The lesson of this is unmistakable. Quakerism as measured by its peculiar forms and tenets is a thing of the past. The

*I do not include the so-called Quakers of the West, where musical instruments and singing are less foreign to the real meeting than the loud "Amen" and calls to come forward to be prayed for that I have heard there.

descendants of its loyal adherents are rapidly ranging themselves upon the side of the "Great Church of the Future," of which we hear so much from the liberal pulpits of the day; but the impetus toward right living and calm dying which they bring with them is the legacy of their noble forefathers.

The distinctive feature of the founders of this sect was not "suffering for conscience' sake," for that has been the portion of the martyrs of all ages and persuasions. Rather should I say it was the tremendous emphasis which they placed upon the individual. Every soul, according to George Fox, had an especial revelation. To the humblest did the voice of the heavenly Father whisper words of "comfort, warning, or reproach." Simple obedience to the light within assured content. And this assurance was never narrowed to exclude womankind. Her tones were heard in the sanctuary, and her personal influence in the household was relied upon in the teaching of the faith. She was recognized, too, as an equal in the business relations of the meetings. With separate and closed doors sat the "men Friends" and the women's gathering; but messengers from either visited regularly the other side of the partition, bearing resolutions and suggestions for acceptance or consideration. The authority of each was the same, and but one moral law was acknowledged for both sexes.

This is a point that cannot be too strongly emphasized, not that it was carried out to a degree at all satisfactory to the demands of the present, but that from this foundation has grown that great structure of complete equality that has not yet reached its topmost story.

Deflections from this doctrine were many, and fraught with much evil to the society. Even within my own memory there occurred notable instances which brought forth stinging rebuke from the leaders of the liberal wing; but it was the privilege of the Quaker woman to pronounce the teaching of Holy Spirit as it was whispered to her own soul. She had small sense of inferiority; and yet, with the prominence of individualism, there was another doctrine walking hand in hand with it and nullifying the evils of self-consciousness. This was the universality of the Indwelling Spirit and the inferiority of man to his Creator. Nothing has ever been more noticeable among this people than their modesty. They have ever shrunk from public notice in the minor affairs of life with the same persistence that they have clung to the realization of such schemes as they have deemed provocative of good. They accepted the lower places in life with equanimity, cheerfully taking up their crosses and betraying small emotion under the worldly trial of poverty. This, indeed, has been a thing of comparative vanity among them. Their lives of simplicity, their following of the teaching of Jesus in respect to "wherewith ye shall be clothed," has through a wholly natural law, and with no undue care for the morrow, made them a thrifty people; but they did not ignore the subject of physical need. For years I knew a certain aged Friend to come at stated seasons to pay a visit to an elder of the meeting. She was entertained precisely as other Friends were, cordially welcomed, and her welfare looked after in the minute manner characterizing Quaker hospitality; but I did not know until I had grown to womanhood, and the visitor had long lain in her grave, that she had been the charge of the meeting. Unable through ill health and misfortune to provide for her own needs, she had been amply sustained by the contributions of others, who, however, never knew to whom their benefactions fell, since the subscriptions were given into the hands of a committee who disbursed the funds without revealing their destination.

This was true charity. The garb of the recipient varied so slightly from that of the donors that it did not make her conspicuous among them, and the extreme addition to her comfort that was produced must be apparent to every human being.

Money was rarely talked about in the family circle. I can scarcely call to mind an occasion where it was made prominent at home. I remember being chided for the wish that I could have more to spend; and I cannot eat an orange now without recollecting a certain indulgence, where I was surprised by a sweet-voiced relative, who questioned whether I did not think a couple of children playing near would like to share in my feast. Had I not responded to her suggestion, nothing more would have been said; but one word was enough. It has clung to me through life.

The sentiment of *gratitude* instead of *fear* occupied the prominent point of relation to God. To that teaching no doubt is due the repugnance I always feel toward ascribing religious beginnings to a craven sentiment. Elias Hicks preached the "love of God" rather than his anger.

To "deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly" has always been the watchword of this people.

Great stress has been laid by them upon the necessary adjunct of *works* with faith; and I have sometimes thought that the remnant of *trustfulness* which we find scattered among the liberal thinkers of our day may nearly always be traced to a Quaker origin, for there outward repose was born of inward rest. The "peace that passeth understanding" came not from surrender to "conviction of some awful truth," but rather from a consciousness of continual blessing, an every-day knowledge of help such as Love alone can supply, something that does not represent a struggle, but signifies a transmission from generation to generation. May it never be obliterated!

It has been said that the weak point in modern religious teaching is the tendency to throw all the burden of man's conditions upon himself. Quakerism forbade this. It rested its entirety upon the guidance of the Spirit, and the finest human development belongs to the rational relation of faith to reason and experience. From the days of Wilberforce and Benjamin Lundy, the name of Quaker has been synonymous with that of human freedom. A slaveholder of that body was unknown; and during the Civil War it was said that a small colony of them had been unearthed in North Carolina who had remained unmolested through a generation of bitter discussion, although they stoutly maintained their principles, and had never refused shelter or succor to an escaping bondman. For this toleration they were indebted to their general character as upright citizens. Certain it is that intimidation formed no part of the Quaker reputation. The success of the celebrated "Underground Railroad," whose management displayed phenomenal courage allied to shrewdness, was largely in their hands. At some time in the far future the heroism of those who braved the infamous Fugitive Slave Law will be recognized as second to none.

Life and limb, property and family, were put cheerfully into peril for the sake of the fulfilment of the obligation which the Son of Man laid upon every one of the brethren. It is strange that those who sought to dwell in peace with all mankind should have evoked the evil passions of others, yet to say the Quakers were reviled for their non-resistant principles is simply to hint at the calumnies heaped upon them. Every true man despises the name of coward, but it requires the loftiest courage to sit beneath the charge with perfect equanimity. Such, however, was the result of their forceful training in the doctrine of the "everlasting patience." To turn the right cheek when the "left is spat upon" is wholly contrary to the natural man, but becomes a second nature to a generation bred beneath its gentle influence. The war spirit owes its first overthrow—the establishment of boards of arbitration—to the teaching of the Quakers.

Their standard of personal purity was reflected by many of the "queries" presented to the monthly, quarterly, or yearly meeting, to be answered in accordance with the knowledge and judgment of members present.

"Do Friends carefully refrain from the use of spirituous liquors?"

"Do Friends sufficiently discourage the interest of their young men in speculative and other illegitimate forms of business?"

"Is the use of tobacco discountenanced?" etc.

Did one of their number become involved in financial disaster, a committee was appointed by the meeting to investigate his affairs, and report their conclusions for or against his strict business integrity. This was often done at the solicitation of the party concerned, who was anxious to vindicate his character.

I recall a circumstance of this nature which occurred during the panic of 1857. A Friend largely engaged in commission business was wrecked through the failure of others. The news was current in the street on the last day of the week. Punctually on First Day morning he appeared in the meeting, but did not take his accustomed seat in the gallery. Much sympathy was manifested for him, for he was a man of well-known integrity; and the Friend at the head of the meeting—namely, occupy-

ing the first seat on the men's side of the gallery—left his place, and requested the sufferer to "come up higher." It was in vain, the good man insisting that his conscience would trouble him there lest his presence in a high seat might be called in question; but before many weeks the committee fully acquitted him, and he resumed his prominent position.

In this time of the easy acceptance of certificates of wealth it is pleasant to feel that such a circumstance could not fail to leave its impress on society, and that somewhere it will bear fruit.

Plainness of speech has formed no small part of the Quaker dower. From the refusal to take an oath—"Let thy yea be yea and thy nay nay"—down to the straightforward rebuke to the wrong-doer, the lesson of direct and unqualified truth has been steadfastly taught. It is not that the Friends were exempt from narrowness or forestalled all the evils of the world, but that they taught largely the fundamental truths, those underlying principles of "morality touched with emotion," without which society drifts into irresponsibility.

A child holding his mother's hand as he entered the circus grounds exclaimed, "Oh, but this is a good one!" "Why do you say so? You have not yet been inside the tent." "No," he replied; "but, when I see so many fine side-shows, I know the circus is first-class." The boy was an unconscious philosopher.

It is the effect upon life rather than the doctrine itself that tells the story of the value of any religious teaching. Truth, though buried in creed or sentiment, sooner or later works its way out into the arena of action, and finds recognition through satisfying the requirements of the living age.

Quakerism has left us a legacy of inspiration toward simple honesty in thought and deed that insures respect. S. M. H. G.

HOW TO LOOK AT LIFE.

The existence and nature of God are questions for science and philosophy as well as for theology; and the scientist or philosopher who ignores them is short-sighted. You may call the eternal Father the force from which all things flow; but it is the same thing. The ethics of Jesus, also, cannot safely be ignored by the ethical philosopher. Any philosopher who ignores the Sermon on the Mount doesn't know his business. The essence of the ethical teaching of Jesus is this: that mankind live inside the heart of the Father in heaven. He substituted for the old stern law of the survival of the strongest the sweet new law of mercy and of love and of human brotherhood. The fact that there is love and truth in the universe proves that love and truth come from God, because we have them, and we could not have them unless God gave them to us; for in him we have our being. And there can be no death in the universe, because God fills the universe: all that is lives in him, and he is eternal. The atom is safe from death, and the soul is safe. In the eighteenth century it was discovered that matter cannot be destroyed; in the nineteenth it was learned that force cannot be destroyed; and in the twentieth it will be generally acknowledged that mind cannot be destroyed. There is not a single pulsation of light that is without God: it is a part of his divine energy. If God is everything, then men, being a part of God, must be divine. The Father had nothing but himself to make man's soul out of. The fathers who framed the Nicene Creed said that God made the world out of nothing. But there is no nothing, nor ever was, God being everything. They rose to the truth when they said that Christ was not created, but begotten. And we are begotten, —the sons of God, and the brothers of Christ. The world is given to man to rule over. He has power to say what shall and what shall not live, and he must subdue it to his own uses, and make it a great temple to the living God. God justifies himself forever by results. Whatever becomes of Unitarianism, its principles must live and grow and cover the earth until all men will worship the one eternal Father, who is truth, righteousness, and love, and who begets man in his own image.

S. R. CALTHROP.

Syracuse, N.Y.

Usually, the greatest boasters are the smallest workers. The deep rivers pay a larger tribute to the sea than shallow brooks, and yet empty themselves with less noise.—*W. Secker.*

*A UNITARIAN ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.**

An ecclesiastical history written from a Unitarian standpoint is a book of a some what rare kind; and, when written with learning, impartiality, and charm of style, it is necessarily rarer still. The energy of modern research transforms so rapidly the face of every branch of historical science that, of the few histories which possess these merits, the most recent will always be the most desirable. M. Naef has kept himself thoroughly abreast of recent research; but his erudition has in no way impaired his literary skill. Nor could a better proof of that skill well be afforded than by compressing the history of nineteen hundred years into 428 octavo pages of large type without ever sacrificing the vigor and vividness of the narrative.

The author is, we believe, a retired pastor of the National Church of Geneva.

The book is divided into four parts: the first, ending with the conversion of Constantine; the second, with the reign of Charlemagne; the third, comprising the seven mediæval centuries; the fourth, bringing down the history from Luther's day to our own.

To many, perhaps indeed to all readers, the most interesting chapters of this book will be the first and last,—its descriptions of the apostolic period and of our own century. M. Naef deals so impartially and yet so clearly and incisively with the intensely interesting and hotly disputed problems which surround the first two generations of the Church that no one will close that chapter of the book without regretting that the plan of the volume did not admit of more than forty-three pages being devoted to the history of the apostolic age.

From the reticent manner in which M. Naef deals with all questions of the miraculous, we should judge that he belongs to the more advanced wing of liberalism. But his tact prevents him from wounding any susceptibilities; and his historical insight prevents his sacrificing attested facts to *a priori* sceptical assumptions. All sections of our readers will concur in accepting the summary with which he concludes this terse and vigorous compendium of ecclesiastical history,—the most important and most interesting of all branches of the history of human life and thought: "The progress already made by the Christian Church is undoubtedly such as to justify us in anticipating her rapid extension in the future. Yet she must expect to meet, on her course, opposition from many influences more or less potent. Among these must be reckoned the energy which Mohammedanism manifests in compensating for its losses in Europe by new conquests in Asia and Africa. Yet, in despite of all obstacles, the religion of Christ, answering better than any other to the deepest needs and noblest aspirations of man's nature, need feel no fear as it pursues its way. To it the future belongs.

"If ages of ignorance have sometimes darkened the divine light brought by its Founder to the human race, they have never succeeded in extinguishing it. No religion, in fact, has proved itself so well able as that of Jesus to bring man to spiritual life, by restoring him to filial dependence upon the Author of all life and all wisdom; and none, too, has so carefully preserved to him the fruitful gift of freedom. Nay, more: Christianity has restored to him this freedom in its whole extent and its entire fulness, and has made the exercise of liberty the final aim of his earthly career, according to the promise of the Master himself, 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' "

M. Naef thus sketches the life-work of Dr. Channing: "Channing (1780–1842) is one of the truest glories of American Protestantism. Grandson of one of the men who had fought in the War of Independence, he devoted himself to the ministry, and was called at an early age to undertake a pastoral charge at Boston. His tendencies of thought, closely akin to those of Schleiermacher, but strengthened by a more emphatic love of Liberty in all her forms, attached him to the doctrines of Unitarianism. But he transformed these doctrines, partly by pruning away some portions borrowed from Calvinistic theory, partly by imbuing them with fresh life from his own spirit of wide sympathy, fervent charity, and quick enthusiasm for every noble cause. The influence of his theology passed beyond the limits of his own denomination,

* HISTOIRE DE L'ÉGLISE CHRÉTIENNE. Par F. Naef. Paris: Fischbacher. pp. 440.

and made itself felt among the adherents of the older churches of America and England. He had the merit of being one of the founders of home missionary enterprise, establishing a ministry to the poor which aimed at carrying religious influences down to the lowest ranks of society, and reaching those whose desolate poverty had led them to abandon the habit of public worship. He was one of those who showed most courage in protesting against the system of slavery which then sullied the soil of the United States, and degraded the master as much as it did the slave. The great powers which Channing possessed made his death an occasion of universal mourning throughout his country,—a mourning which was shared by all sections of the Christian Church."

Our brief notice will have sufficed to show how valuable and how readable a book M. Naef's treatise is. Its very moderate price (six francs) is another recommendation to it. In these days of Unitarian literary enterprise it deserves careful consideration whether steps might not be taken with advantage, either on this side of the Atlantic or the other, to bring out a translation, which would place this capital compendium within reach of all English-speaking Unitarians.—*London Christian Life.*

A RECEPTION TO DR. HALE IN LONDON.

On last Thursday evening, at Essex Hall, a most enthusiastic welcome was given to our distinguished visitor, from Boston of the United States, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D. Wherever the English language is spoken Dr. Hale is known. We seldom witness among us in the middle of July, when so many are out of London, so splendid a meeting as that of Thursday night. There were many American Unitarians present to witness the honor done to their countryman,—Senator Hoar, Rev. G. D. Latimer of Boston (a descendant, we believe, of our famous martyr Latimer), Rev. C. A. Staples, Rev. C. J. Staples, and others. The families of the leading Unitarians of London were well represented.

The chair was taken by the president of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association (S. S. Tayler, Esq.). After a voluntary on the organ, Rev. W. C. Bowie read letters from Drs. Martineau, Vance Smith, Rev. John Hunter of Glasgow, Rev. Messrs. Henry Iverson, Steinthal, Drummond, Upton, and other ministers, and leading laymen, and members of the House of Commons, regretting their absence from London.

The chairman then said: We are met to welcome a distinguished American, and one of our own household of faith. We all feel our indebtedness to gentlemen like Dr. Hale for the broad and sympathetic views that are now so rapidly spreading everywhere; and I think we are the people that have a right to welcome a worker like Dr. Hale, who can look every child of man in the face, and think and speak of him as the child of God. Mr. Tayler then spoke of Dr. Hale's books, and the grand work they had done in enlarging human thought and feeling. It was a pleasure to them all to have him that night among them, and to be able to look on his face. He called upon Mr. David Martineau to move a resolution.

Mr. Martineau said: I have the honor to move the resolution: —

That this meeting, on behalf of the Unitarians of England, desires to offer a cordial welcome to Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale of Boston. We greet him not only as chairman and leader of the Council of the American National Conference, but also as the eloquent preacher, the fearless and patriotic citizen, the earnest and wise philanthropist, whose writings have been a power for good in many lands, and whose name has long been held in honor wherever the English language is spoken. And through him we would send our heartiest greetings to our American brethren, and congratulate them on their increase in numbers and influence, and on the steady progress of the purer Christianity for which they and we together stand.

Mr. Martineau continued: It is now just twenty years ago since I met the deeply revered and loved guest of this evening in America, and since the days of Dr. Bellows he has occupied very much the position of a leader among the ranks of our co-religionists in America. But not only on the side of the Unitarian religion, but also of all truly philanthropic work, he has been one of the foremost men. Among us his books are known and admired: they are, we must all admit, most useful and interesting. Much,

no doubt, of the good seed that has been in ages past was taken from our land to the West, and has shown itself with an increase and strength that is not uncommon to much that is transplanted into another soil. Mr. Martineau referred to a pleasant meeting he had at the house of Dr. Hale, and expressed a hope that in 1893 many of the Unitarians of this land might put in an appearance at the great Exhibition.

Rev. Dr. Herford said he had much pleasure in seconding the resolution, and felt in doing so somewhat mixed, not knowing whether he was English or American. It was to him an immense pleasure to have the man he had loved and admired for so many years with them in this hall. Speaking personally, Dr. Hale had been one of his most warm and helpful friends during the years he had himself spent in America. As a citizen of that great republic, he knew, and the Americans knew, the power and value of his work. He might refer to that unhappy case of the "Trent" at the beginning of the American rebellion, thirty years ago, when the three Southern gentlemen were taken off an English steamer by an American State war-ship. Dr. Hale was one of the first that raised his powerful voice, saying, We have done wrong, and the wrong must be undone. This was only one of the many services he had performed as a citizen. He was one of the valued leaders of our Unitarian Church, no man more heartily helped our cause. As he has attained the age of seventy years, I may speak of him as our venerable friend; and most heartily do I second the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to by uplifted hands and then by acclamation, all standing, giving a hearty welcome to the guest of the evening.

DR. HALE'S ADDRESS.

Dr. Hale, when the applause of his reception had subsided, said that, in the presence of such a grand testimonial of their kindness, he could scarcely express what he felt, and, referring to the manner in which he had been introduced to the meeting, said it was a matter to be proud of to follow Dr. Herford, who for four years had had the honor and privilege of being chairman of the Council of their National Conference in the United States. He (Dr. Hale) had the honor to follow him, and he stood there as the representative of American Unitarianism. It had been said to be a grand thing to be an American, as it had been said it was such fun to go to Europe ; but, while in many things in America they could match Europe, they could not match the old country in antiquities. At one place where they had been recently, the thousandth and odd anniversary was to be celebrated, it was announced, next Wednesday. They did say that America was the oldest thing that had been called into being, but they had nothing like the antiquarian records that were found here. He saw in St. Oswald's a printed notice against the wall that tells a man he shall not marry his grandmother. It was printed in 1717, and had been there since that time; but they did not want the good news that a man should not marry his grandmother. [Laughter.] He went down to Kent to see the will by which his forefather had been cut off with a shilling because he went with the Puritans. He was told the old wills had been sent to London. On inquiring there for the old wills, he was told by the official that he thought the new wills would be wanted. He said, "No," that his ancestor "died in 1603." "God bless you," was the reply, "all is new since 1400." They would see how very old this country was compared to his and what old ways it had; and yet when they got a smart English boy, and took care of him for seventeen years, teaching him their ways, as they had done with his friend Dr. Herford, they felt his leaving when they brought him back from Boston to England. He felt pleased in meeting such a gathering before he went to France. In that place of Essex Chapel, he believed, Benjamin Franklin worshipped and put his money into the contribution-box. He might say something more about that. He (Mr. Hale) was honored by the United States government, some years ago, to look over some French and other papers, and was very much interested to find that during the American war, when Franklin was conducting the American affairs in France, he wrote to Dr. Price, and enclosed his contribution to Essex Chapel for the ensuing years. [Applause.] But, wherever they were or of whatever nation, there was but one religion. There was no Belgian geometry or Italian algebra. There was one truth for the whole world on scientific matters, and there was only one religion; and there were the same

duties and responsibilities for each country. In America their position as Unitarians was different from what the position of Unitarians was here; and yet it was not an easy position with them there. If he might borrow an expression from this side of the Atlantic and a country in which the government is very much interested, if he might use an Irish bull, he would say that the work of the Unitarian Church would not be so difficult if it were not so easy. They had one great truth to declare.

A publisher once said a publisher should never publish more than one book, and he had only published one; but of that he had sold a million and a half of copies. Publishers were not all like that one; and he (Dr. Hale) had published many books. Their work was nothing less than to proclaim the kingdom of God. Other churches had other matters to attend to. Others had to attend to matters of apostolic succession and such like things; but Unitarians had to proclaim the kingdom of God, and see that his will was done on earth as in heaven. This was a very large enterprise to have in hand. It is true that every denomination believed as much in the kingdom of God as the Unitarians did; but every other body had some minor point that absorbed its attention, and so, while pretending to speak upon the great point, was thinking of the minor matters that separated them into sects. The position of the Unitarians was to emphasize the special doctrines they believed,—to speak as members of the Church of the living God. And it was their duty every Sunday and Monday and every day of the week that all men must be at work as messengers, apostles, and ministers of the truth. Their business was to go before men to say that they are all children of God, and that God loves them as much now as he did when he proclaimed the law in the desert, and in the days of Christ. This was, then, their duty and their work. He was disposed to think that nine-tenths of the sensible men—he had not said nine-tenths of the sensible women—now in America and England hold as their working religion the Unitarian faith, and that they do not hold any other tenets. As to the women, they are tender, sympathetic, and, not being so busy in the world, they know more about the special dogmas of the day, and know more about vicarious sacrifice, and things of that sort, than the most of men; but the man of business knows little about such things. He says, "Well, sir, I don't know much about such things. I go to church because it is a duty to go to church," and he gives to support it; and he says, "It is right, I think, to say my prayers as my mother taught me and I believe in an hereafter." He believes in God. He believes in duty, and he believes in heaven. This is a working religion, and the great body of men in the United States believe in this. "God, man, heaven,"—these are the watchwords and faith of the men of to-day. It is the religion which Jesus Christ lived and died to spread over the world, which the apostles carried over the world, and which for nineteen centuries has been preached: "With God, for man, in heaven." It was their duty to proclaim this sensible religion. They often found in business that men proclaimed themselves as specialists, having specialties for sale; and in the church there had been too much force wasted upon this knick-knack and upon that, but their business was to preach the kingdom of heaven. They had no specialties to put before the world. They had no matters of architecture in their church. They had not to discuss whether the early English or Tudor style was best or the right thing. They had none of the trivial things that troubled some churches to deal with. It was their business simply to proclaim the grand truths embodied in the simple expression, "With God, for man, in heaven." When Newton discovered the law of gravitation, it was found to be true everywhere, and the great fact in all scientific matters. It was true everywhere, eternally true: even so the faith that they taught was the eternal truth of God. It had borne the test of time. It was as true now as when it was first proclaimed, and stood all tests. It was known by its fruits. "With God, for man, in heaven," was the grand faith and doctrine. And the Unitarian Church in America and England had the same faith, and it was the only church known to him that had nothing else to do than to proclaim the simple faith. Other churches had to discuss whether black gowns or white gowns should be worn, or whether candles should be lighted in the middle of the day or not. But the Unitarian Church had got nothing to do but to

proclaim the eternal truth that all men are sons of God, and that the kingdom God may be in the soul of every one. In the capital of Hungary there is shown a stone upon which Francis David, the great reformer, preached. He was standing on that stone preaching the grand Unitarian doctrine, when the people were so impressed with its grandeur that they declared it was too grand to be preached in such a place, and they broke into the cathedral and had it proclaimed there; and for one hundred and fifty years the Unitarians stood in that cathedral, and preached the eternal truth in all its simplicity respecting religion. It was simply that men were the sons of God, and they would have it proclaimed in the cathedral; and it was for the Unitarians of to-day to see that this gospel of the living God should be proclaimed in all its simplicity and power. Referring to the comparisons that were made with other sects, or between other sects,—for the Unitarians were no sect,—he said the Church of Rome was, indeed, the first schismatic. It had its splendid ritual; but Unitarians should remember that it was their duty to maintain their pure faith and worship. They had certain advantages on their side. They were no sect. They had got nothing from the Church of England. It has got something from them, since the two thousand ministers left that church because they would not subscribe to its tenets. The fifty starving men on the sound of Plymouth gave the word "Independent,"—it was not to be found in Shakspere,—and originated the democracy that was the feature of this day. He saw his friend, Mr. Latimer, in the meeting. He was going to see the Martyr Cross at Oxford, where his ancestors suffered for the truth. They went to Oxford on Saturday, and he wanted his friends to spend the Sunday in the Unitarian church, and not at Christ Church; but he could not find out where the Unitarian church was. They asked the porter at the hotel. He did not know where the Unitarian place of worship was. They turned to the "Directory": there were all sorts of churches to be found in it, but no Unitarian chapel. They turned to seek Dr Carpenter's name; but it was not there, and so they had to go to Christ Church. And they did not find out where the Unitarians worshipped until they got behind a cabman, and then they found where the Unitarian college was. The new college would be a grand building. They had nothing like it in America. He wondered where the English Unitarians got the money from to put up such a building. He hoped, when Manchester New College was finished, they would let the world know what it stood for, and where it was. This reminded him of a story of Theodore Parker that does not appear in his works. A young preacher once found a thin congregation, and asked if the population had moved from the neighborhood, as there was no one in the gallery. The gallery, he said, was reserved for the invisible church. Parker said, "If you ring the bell loud enough, the people will come." This story applied to them, and let them remember that they as Unitarians had an absolute religion to proclaim, true now and from the beginning, and that they had nothing else to proclaim but "with God, for man, in heaven." (Applause.)

Mr. Edwin Clephan, in the name of the meeting, moved its thanks to the chairman, Mr. Tayler, for giving them all the opportunity of testifying their admiration of Dr. Hale. He had come up from Leicester, one hundred miles, and was heartily glad he had done so. Dr. Herford, by his American ministry and his presence now in London, had formed another link that tied us to America, and helped us to bridge the Atlantic. It was well they should feel their fellowship. This meeting also had helped in the same way.

Mr. Edwin Lawrence of London heartily seconded the thanks to Mr. Tayler. They all appreciated his services now and for many years. When Mr. Lawrence visited Concord, he brought in his pocket many chestnuts from the home of Emerson, to plant in his own ground. They had all got that evening many valuable chestnuts from Dr. Hale, which they would long value. The resolution was agreed to, and the meeting broke up.—*London Christian Life.*

"Freely ye have received, freely give." That is to say, freely ye have received the Lord's love, which is love to the whole human race: freely show forth that love by acting from it in all your relations with men.—*S. S. Seward.*

MORE FROM MR. MASIH IN INDIA.

We printed in our last issue an article by Dr. Brooke Herford, entitled "The Story of a Letter from India." He has published in the London *Inquirer* several other articles giving further information about Mr. Masih and his efforts to spread the Unitarian gospel in that land. One article contained an account of a book entitled "An Examination of the Doctrines of the Divinity of Christ and the Trinity," which Mr. Masih has published in the Urdu language, the popular tongue of that part of India. The last article of the series gives information of the conversion to Unitarian views of a man of some note, who is likely to become an active and influential missionary of our faith. Mr. Herford says :—

"I told, in the last of these articles, of the opposition which Mr. Masih's newly published work, 'Examination of the Doctrines of the Divinity of Christ and the Trinity,' was exciting when he wrote to me last February. That was to be expected. What I hardly expected was the confirmation of the value of the book which was so soon to follow. This, however, must be given in the words of his letter received only a few weeks ago, the importance of which, indeed, impelled me to give the whole story to the Unitarians of England and America. He writes from Banda, on June 6, thus:—

"I cannot enjoy alone, and cannot withhold from a dear friend, the happy news which affects the future prospect of our common cause. The news concerns a very notable conversion to the Unitarian faith of a young man of singular abilities. He is not the least influential and known member of the Orthodox Church. Dr. Ahmad Sháh, who was in the service of the Canadian Mission at Rutlam—a native State in the Central India — as a medical missionary and the editor of a new semi-religious monthly, has cast his lot with us. The history of this man's conversion is full of interest, and illustrates completely the power with which our simple faith touches the mind and shakes the whole being of an intelligent and honest inquirer. I met this man the year before last, at Agra, and had a talk with him on the subject of religion. He was not, at that time, well disposed toward us; and it was quite natural, just what should be expected. I gave him a few English tracts, and left him to the care of God, but could not dream of his complete surrender so soon after. He was opposed to me, as any and every orthodox Christian is usually. When my book was published, I presented him with a copy, and was not surprised to find that his opposition became more active than ever. It was he who wrote at that time a Trinitarian poem, and made an unfavorable reference to myself in the verse, which I mentioned in my former letter. Then he drew up a hasty review of my work, which was afterward published in the leading Christian paper, the *Nur Afshán*, dated March 17. It was a short but terse article, and was written expressly with the purpose of entering his formal protest against me. He earnestly wished to refute our contentions, and I think this led him into some very serious inquiry, in which he had to review his whole position, and which resulted in his coming over on our side.

"It is not necessary to repeat in detail the story of the correspondence which ensued and led to this result, Dr. Ahmad Sháh's letters first beginning to betray 'a significant uneasiness on his part,' and then withdrawing from controversy on some of its points, after which 'he took to criticising the adverse criticisms that were passed upon my work, and began to show a marked appreciation of certain portions of the same.' Then came a request to Mr. Masih to meet him to consult upon 'important private matters,'—which, however, Mr. Masih was prevented from doing by an attack of fever. Then many weeks of silence, finally ended by a letter, in which Ahmad Sháh tells his own story, and from which my friend sends me the following extracts:—

"After leaving Agra, I dropped a postcard to you from Jeypore while on my way home. After that, if my memory serves me aright, I did not write you at all. And I had good reasons to do so. Of course, you were left to form all sorts of conjectures, good and bad, as regards myself; but I was very deeply occupied with the inquiry into truth, which has come now to a happy termination at my finding it out. I thank you sincerely for all the help I received from you in my inquiries. I have now publicly confessed that it is nothing less than blasphemy to associate any other with the Divine Nature. I had a good deal of discussion on this matter with the *Padre Sáhib* [the clergyman with whom he worked], and I have to deal similarly with many others. All of them look upon me as one led astray from the right path, but I put my trust upon God Almighty; for who can oppose me if he be on my side? I need not tell you that I have had to resign my post in the Mission. . . .

Now I am fully resolved to start a journal, and, with the help of God, to repulse through the same the attacks of the opponents, and propagate the saving truth. I am quite prepared to take upon myself the responsibility of the business of journalism. I will meet the expenses in proportion to my ability. Through that journal I shall have an opportunity to invite my friends and acquaintances to participate with me in the enjoyment of the same truth. I have not yet written to any one. This is the first letter that goes out of Rutlam bearing the happy tidings. . . . Now my creed consists of the following: There is only one God: to associate any one with his Divine Nature is to dishonor him. Christ is our Lord, sent from God. He died for us. Following his teachings, we shall become the children of God. . . . I wish to acquaint myself fully with every point. Though I may not be able to give my assent to *all* that the Unitarians hold to, I will from this day forth to evermore confess that it is the Unity, and the Unity alone, that is inculcated in the Holy Scriptures. For in the face of the Bible I now find the doctrine of the Trinity is groundless and unintelligible. Great opposition is on foot against me, and I am attacked on all sides here; but I am undergoing this trial with patience and forbearing. . . . Write me all about yourself. Arrange for the journal, by all means. I think it will be better if it be published here in Rutlam, for you may not have leisure enough to superintend the whole business. All is well here.

"And with a warmly appreciative couplet, which he has substituted for the disparaging lines quoted in the last article, he concludes, 'I am your fellow-worker in Christ, Ahmad Sháh.'

"Mr. Masih adds:—

"The conversion of Dr. Ahmad Sháh will cause quite a sensation, for his position among the native Christians has been a very marked one. A man of education, a regular correspondent of the leading Christian journal, a poet of no mean talents, and directly connected with the missionary work, he is a well-known figure and a highly respected member of the community. Before his conversion he had also rendered himself notorious enough as an opponent of Unitarianism. The importance of his coming over to our side cannot be unduly exaggerated. Unitarianism cannot have aimed at a better conversion. He is a young man of over thirty, and has had an experience of journalism: he was the joint editor of a monthly, and has worked upon it as late as the last month. His first avowal of Unitarianism has cost him his service. Dr. as well as Mrs. Ahmad Sháh both are following the Medical profession. Both have graduated from the Agra Medical College, and ever since they secured their diplomas they have been serving the Mission."

THE UNITARIAN CONGRESS FOR 1893.

The Joint Committee on the Unitarian Church Congress, to be held in Chicago in 1893 in connection with the World's Congress of Religions, has issued the following circular:—

To the Members and Friends of the Unitarian Faith in all Countries:—

During the World's Columbian Exposition, in the autumn of 1893, it is proposed to hold in Chicago the first Parliament of Religions, the purpose of which is to bring together the representatives of the several faiths, not for the purpose of showing their diversities, but to illustrate their unities and harmonies. And since there is likewise in contemplation the assembling of Congresses of the various denominations, and also appropriate inter-denominational meetings, the Committee appointed by the President of the World's Congress Auxiliary to represent the Unitarian Church invites your co-operation in forming a Congress of our denomination.

Never before in the history of the world has there been so good an opportunity as this to speak our message to humanity. To this generation the opportunity will not come again.

We would bring together on that occasion the chief representatives of Liberal Religion the world over, and have not merely a National Conference, but an International Convention of the Liberals of the world. Liberal Religion is the most wide-spread phase of faith upon the face of the earth. It is native to every civilized clime, and is the culmination of each of the great world faiths. Let us set forth the great unities of the heart and soul of man, and show that mankind are not only of one blood bodily, but that spiritually they are of one divine hunger, aspiration, hope. Let us come together, not in the interest of negations, but of the great affirmations of life, such as are verified by the highest thought and noblest lives of humanity.

Let the spirit which suffered in Hungary, which was strong in the Pilgrims and Puritans, which is now bursting the bonds which fetter the soul in Europe, Asia, and America, here give voice to the rich, world-wide harmonies of the Liberal Faith, that the many who hunger and thirst after righteousness, and are not filled, may see that in the religion of Channing, Parker, and Emerson is the heavenly manna which their souls crave.

The pleasure and the profit of such a representative meeting as is proposed would be greatly enhanced by the presence, which can doubtless be secured, of many of the leading liberals of the Old World as well as of the New. The Pentecostal tongue of the Spirit will speak one message from all, comprehensive and universally comprehended.

These considerations, we believe, present an earnest claim upon all loyal Unitarians to do their utmost to make this Congress one of the memorable gatherings of this age. We, therefore, earnestly request the active co-operation of the Advisory Council named below in the suggesting of themes for discussion, the speakers to present them, and in all other ways which will contribute to the success of the meetings.

All communications may be addressed to

REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
Chairman Joint Committee on a Unitarian Church Congress,
175 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The full committee is made up of the following-named persons: Rev. Messrs. J. Ll. Jones, J. V. Blake, J. L. Duncan, J. R. Effinger, W. W. Fenn, T. B. Forbush, A. W. Gould, T. G. Milsted, Dr. G. F. Shears, Hon. D. L. Shorey, Mr. H. T. Thompson, Mr. J. M. Wanzer, and Mesdames M. H. Perkins, A. O. Butler, J. S. Conger, George Follansbee, T. L. Gane, A. W. Gould, G. F. Harding, I. G. Temple, and C. P. Woolley, all residents of Illinois, as required by the regulations of the World's Exposition, and mostly residents of Chicago.

Besides the joint committee named above, a General Advisory Council of representative Unitarians, in our own and other countries, has been appointed, consisting of the persons named below:—

Rev. Joseph Allen, D.D., Cambridge, Mass.; Rev. Richard Armstrong, Liverpool, Eng.; Rev. S. J. Barrows, Boston, Mass.; George Brandes, Copenhagen, Denmark; Prof. G. Bonet-Maury, Paris, France; Rev. Stopford Brooke, London, Eng.; Prof. G. Boros, Kolozsvar, Transylvania; Björnstjerne Björnson, Christiania, Norway; Rev. Estlin Carpenter, D.D., Oxford, Eng.; Prof. G. L. Cary, President Meadville Theological School, Meadville, Pa.; Rev. J. W. Chadwick, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mrs. Ormiston Chant, London, Eng.; Miss Frances Power Cobbe, London, Eng.; Rev. Robert Collyer, New York; Rev. S. M. Crothers, St. Paul, Minn.; Hon. George William Curtis, New York, President National Unitarian Conference; Hon. Horace Davies, San Francisco, Cal.; Rev. R. B. Drummond, Edinburgh, Scotland; Rev. T. Dunkerley, Comber, Ireland; Count D'Alviella, Brussels, Belgium; Prof. C. C. Everett, Cambridge, Mass., Dean Harvard Divinity School; Hon. Charles W. Eliot, President Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.; Rev. W. H. Furness, D.D., Philadelphia; Pa.; Bishop Ferencz, Buda-Pesth, Hungary; Rev. W. C. Gannett, Rochester, N.Y.; Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D., London, Eng.; Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Boston; Hon. George F. Hoar, Worcester, Mass.; Rev. P. Hugenholtz, Amsterdam, Holland; Rev. T. Lloyd Jones, Liverpool, Eng.; Rev. William J. Davies, Llandyssul, Wales; Rev. J. C. Learned, St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. James Martineau, D.D., London, Eng.; Protap Mozoomdar, India; Rev. J. McDowell, Melbourne, Australia; Rev. Clay MacCauley, Tokio, Japan; Dr. H. Oort, Leyden, Holland; Prof. Otto Pfleiderer, Berlin, Germany; Rev. William C. Potter, New Bedford, Mass.; Prof. Ernest Renan, Paris; Prof. Albert Réville, Paris; Rev. Grindall Reynolds, Secretary American Unitarian Association, Boston, Mass.; Rev. M. J. Savage, Boston, Mass.; Rev. H. M. Simmons, Minneapolis, Minn.; Rev. John Snyder, St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Rev. G. A. Thayer, Cincinnati, Ohio; Prof. C. R. Tiele, Leyden, Holland; Mrs. Humphry Ward, London, Eng.; Rev. Charles W. Wendte, Oakland, Cal.

A special Advisory Council on Program has been appointed, consisting of the Council of the National Unitarian Conference of the United States, the Directory of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and the Directory of members of the Unitarian Consistory of Transylvania.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SELECTED FROM THE POEMS OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.

SUNDAY.

True Worship.

He asks no taper lights, on high surrounding
The priestly altar and the saintly grave,
No dolorous chant nor organ music sounding,
Nor incense clouding up the twilight nave.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken:
The holier worship which he deigns to bless
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good":
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace!

MONDAY.

True Worship.

As if the pomp of rituals and the savor
Of gums and spices could the Unseen One please;
As if his ear could bend, with childish favor,
To the poor flattery of the organ keys!

Feet red from war-fields trod the church aisles holy
With trembling reverence; and the oppressor there,
Kneeling before his priest, abased and lowly,
Crushed human hearts beneath his knee of prayer.

Not such the service the benignant Father
Requireth at his earthly children's hands;
Not the poor offering of vain rites, but rather
The simple duty man from man demands.

O brother-man, fold to thy heart thy brother.
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

TUESDAY.

Breath Divine.

When the Breath Divine is flowing,
Zephyr-like o'er all things going,
When my upward gaze is turning
Where the stars of heaven are burning
Through the deep and dark abyss,—
Flowers of midnight's wilderness
Blowing with the evening's breath
Sweetly on their Maker's path;

When the breaking day is flushing
All the east, and light is gushing
Upward through the horizon's haze,
Sheaf-like, with its thousand rays,
Spreading until all above
Overflows with joy and love,
And below, on earth's green bosom,
All is changed to light and blossom;

When my waking fancies over
Forms of brightness flit and hover,
Holy as the seraphs are,
Who by Zion's fountains wear
On their foreheads, white and broad,
"Holiness unto the Lord!" —

Then, O Father! thou alone,
From the shadow of thy throne,
To the sighing of my breast
And its rapture answerest.
All my thoughts, which, upward winging,
Bathe where thy own light is springing,
All my yearnings to be free,
Are as echoes answering thee!

WEDNESDAY.

The Call of the Christian.

Not always as the whirlwind's rush
On Horeb's mount of fear,
Not always as the burning bush
To Midian's shepherd seer,
Nor as the awful voice which came
To Israel's prophet bards,
Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,
Nor gift of fearful words,—

Not always thus, with outward sign
Of fire or voice from Heaven,
The Message of a truth divine,
The call of God, is given!
Awakening in the human heart
Love for the true and right,
Zeal for the Christian's better part,
Strength for the Christian's fight.

But gently, by a thousand things
Which o'er our spirits pass,
Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,
Or vapors o'er a glass,
Leaving their token strange and new
Of music or of shade,
The summons to the right and true
And merciful is made.

Oh, then, if gleams of truth and light
Flash o'er thy waiting mind,
Unfolding to thy mental sight
The wants of human-kind;
If, brooding over human grief,
The earnest wish is known

To soothe and gladden with relief
An anguish not thine own;

Though heralded with naught of fear,
Or outward sign or show;
Though only to the inward ear
It whispers soft and low;
Though dropping, as the manna fell,
Unseen, yet from above,
Noiseless as dew-fall, *heed it well*,—
Thy Father's call of love!

THURSDAY.

The Angel of Patience.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes;
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

FRIDAY.

My Soul and I.

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest;
Round him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to him is day,
And the end he knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth.

Why fear the night? why shrink from Death,
That phantom wan?
There is nothing in heaven or earth beneath
Save God and man.

O restless spirit! wherefore strain
Beyond thy sphere?
Heaven and hell, with their joy and pain,
Are now and here.

Back to thyself is measured well
All thou hast given;
Thy neighbor's wrong is thy present hell,
His bliss, thy heaven.

And in life, in death, in dark and light,
All are in God's care:
Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of night,
And He is there!

SATURDAY.

Man's Works shall follow him.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And, painted on the eternal wall,
The Past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
Has vanished from his side?

Oh, no! We live our lives again;
Or warmly touched or coldly dim,
The pictures of the Past remain,—
Man's works shall follow him.

ST. PAUL'S VISION.

To the Editors of the Unitarian:

I should be quite disposed to agree with Dr. Morgan in his explanation of St. Paul's Vision, were it not for the sequences of that remarkable incident in the great apostle's career. It must be admitted by us all that he was the most "level-headed" of all the writers of the New Testament, and that he told his hearers precisely what he supposed to be the exact truth about all the particulars of his conversion. His vision, like that of Dr. Morgan's, might have been *subjective*, and, if left by itself, thus to be accounted for, and a flash of lightning might have blinded him. The conversation with Jesus, too, might have been an hallucination. But he says that he followed the directions given him, went to Damascus, and there had his sight as miraculously restored as it had been miraculously taken away.

Will Dr. Morgan explain that?

Was it *subjective?* JOHN CODMAN.

Soda Springs, Idaho, August 14.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Within the past two days the editor of the *Unitarian* has received communications from three orthodox ministers and one theological student, all telling the old story of religious experience which our age is coming to be so tragically yet hopefully full of,—the story of growing doubt about the truth of the old religious dogmas, a taste of something more reasonable and satisfying in the direction of liberal Christianity, and an eager craving for more light. We sometimes allow ourselves in our indolence and short-sightedness to indulge the thought that there is not much for us as Unitarians to do. The truth is, no other religious body in the world has such a door of opportunity open before it as have we. There is a hundred times as much work to do in making known our faith as we are doing. Jesus said to his disciples, "Truly the harvest is great, but the laborers are few." This is a text that every Unitarian minister in America would do well to preach from as he begins his work anew this autumn.

Optimism is good, but it can be overdone. We doubt if any class of persons are more liable to overdo it than Unitarians. Fifty years ago it was a favorite way of talking among numbers that the world was so fast becoming Unitarian that there was little need for us to plant churches. Orthodoxy was about ready to surrender everywhere. The same kind of talk has continued right on down to our day. No talk has such soporific power. Why should we not all lie down and sleep if the fighting is over? Fortunately, here and there a man will insist on waking us up and showing us the facts. Dr. E. E. Hale did this in one of his speeches at the Anniversary Meetings in Boston last May. Here are a few of his sturdy sentences: "To the day of his death our wonderful friend, Dr. Bellows, went and came with the notion that within a year or two we should see the whole honeycombed temple of old Orthodoxy tumble over. He knew that the foundation was gone on which it was built, and he let that metaphor sweep him away. Not long before his death he met Dr. McCosh of Princeton at dinner. I can easily imagine the courtesy of his manner in approaching Dr. McCosh on the curious question how much he supposed modern thought, the higher criticism, the materialistic drift of the age, affected the organization of the Presbyterian Church. To his real amazement, Dr. McCosh told him that these agencies did not affect the organization of the Presbyterian Church at all. Indeed, Dr. McCosh did not seem to know that there were any such agencies, certainly did not know that they had anything to do with the foundation of churches. It was just as if I should ask Mr. Reynolds some day if he were not afraid that the passage of bicycles on Bowdoin Street or the grinding of the street-organs would soon shake down the solid walls of the Unitarian Building."

What is the first duty of Unitarianism as a forward movement? It is to lift up a banner, clear as the light, for all men to see. What shall the banner be? There are a hundred that are good. Here is one that is very good. It has been flung out within a few weeks past by the editors of three of our leading Unitarian papers,—first by the editor of the *Christian Register* of Boston, then by the editor of the *Inquirer* of London, then by the editor of the *Christian Life* of London. Here it is: "*Unitarian principles,—the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. The field of their application, the life that now is and the life that is to come. That is the sum and substance of it all.*" That is a banner clear as the light. That is a banner which will rally the Unitarians of America, England, and the world as one man. That is the banner of a faith which some day, in our hands or others, will conquer the world. That banner, or some other equally simple and clear, and of similar import, it is the first and most pressing duty of American Unitarians to set flying on every breeze—above church, pulpit conference—from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The London *Inquirer* of July 30 contains an editorial upon "The Opening Door in India," calling attention to the Unitarian movements starting there in two different provinces under the leadership of natives converted by reading our literature,—Mr. Akbar Masih in the Punjab and Mr. Kissor

Singh in Assam. It urges that English Unitarians should enter this opening door, and see what they can do to nurse these two young movements, or otherwise to sow the seed of our gospel in that most interesting land.

We sometimes think that Mr. Ingersoll makes extreme statements regarding the immorality and meanness of that doctrine of the atonement (still the popular belief of the Christian world) according to which the salvation of a guilty race is purchased by the death of the innocent divine Christ. But here is a declaration quite as strong from the scholarly and careful Dr. Martineau: "He who would not rather be damned than escape through the sufferings of innocence and sanctity is so far from the qualifications of a saint that he has not even the magnanimity of Milton's fiends." Is the statement too strong?

And what of this statement of Dr. Martineau on another matter? "The clergyman who holds Unitarian views, and has not the honesty and courage to sacrifice his position to his convictions, is a sneak and a coward." Is this too severe? If not, then what is to be said of men and women, not clergymen, who hold Unitarian views, and yet who, for social considerations or to better their business prospects, never let their convictions be known, but go on all their lives acting as if they believed in Orthodoxy, and even attending and supporting orthodox churches? Are "sneak" and "coward" too strong words to apply to such?

In the death, during the past month, of Mr. John C. Bundy of Chicago, who has been for many years editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, the cause of Spiritualism in this country loses, perhaps, its most efficient and sagacious advocate. He has made his paper the organ of that kind of Spiritualism which courts daylight, and desires to put itself in alliance with science, intelligence, and the moral forces of society. From the first he has been the foe and exposer of charlatans and impostors, so many of whom, under the name of "mediums," prey upon the credulity of the ignorant. In this he made many enemies, but also many fast and valuable friends. He was a Unitarian as well as a Spiritualist, and a valued helper of our work in Chicago. He was a man, too, of much public spirit, and a promoter of many good causes. His loss will be widely felt.

Vacations are ending. Schools and colleges are resuming operations, churches that have been closed are opening. Wanderers are returning home. "Into the harness again"! is the word. Well, rest is good, but work is better. May the joy found in putting aside labor for a while double the joy of taking it up again! Our need is not greater for new physical strength than for new heart and hope. May we find that vacation rest has given us these! Forward! steady! courage! May this be the best year for us all that we have ever known! The great missionary Carey had as his life motto, "Attempt great things for God, and expect great things from God." A good motto is this for ministers and churches this year.

Departments.

UNITY CLUBS.

The National Bureau of Unity Clubs, at its last annual meeting, held in Boston during Anniversary Week of this year, voted that hereafter no fee should be charged for a club to connect itself with that organization. All that is necessary for membership is for the secretary of any club to inform the secretary of the National Bureau, Rev. George W. Cooke, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, of the wish of such club to connect itself with the national society. It is desirable that Mr. Cooke should have a full list of the officers of each club, and also one or more copies of its programme. This change is made with the hope and expectation that all the clubs will connect themselves with the Bureau. In one way or another nearly every club is benefited by the work done by the Bureau. It is what its name implies, a bureau of information and exchange of ideas and methods. It has helped to make the clubs respected and useful; it has given them a more definite purpose; and it has enabled them to do their work more efficiently. If all the clubs will give it their approval and support, it can do for them a really important work. Hitherto the annual fee has stood in the way of a general

connection of the clubs with the Bureau. It has been felt that it did not give to the clubs an equivalent for the annual fee, and most of them have not been impressed with the importance of its work. Now that the fee is out of the way, this objection is removed; and the clubs are at liberty to use the Bureau without money and without price, if they choose. Of course, it cannot be conducted wholly without money; but it is expected that the present method will give the Bureau more money than was obtained by the old one. Each club, whether connected with the Bureau or not, will be asked to make a contribution to its treasury. In asking for such contribution, definite objects will be named or had in view in making such an appeal to the clubs.

Last year the directors of the Unity Club Bureau prepared a circular address setting forth various suggestions for the more efficient management of clubs. A copy of these suggestions for the management of Unity Clubs will be sent soon to every minister, and, so far as possible, to the secretaries of all clubs. The hints contained in this pamphlet are worthy of serious consideration. We believe it would be well if we could have in every parish a club organized in accordance with these suggestions. These hints are calculated to give a more definite purpose to club work, to broaden its methods, and to bring it more into harmony with the aims of our churches. They propose making the clubs more distinctly an aid in teaching the great ideas and principles on which our churches are founded. Club workers will soon begin to plan programmes for the coming season. We wish to make a few suggestions as to their preparation. Too often the programmes are prepared with no definite object in view. They are a compromise between various opinions. Subjects are selected because somebody takes a notion to a particular topic, or because it is calculated to draw, or because nothing better presents itself. When selected, such subject has no reference to the spiritual and moral work of the church; it has no great inspiring power; it does not bring out those social and ethical motives which are so closely allied to the true work of a living church of to-day. As a result, the work of the club is barren of any fruits. It stirs to no deeper life,—intellectual, moral, or religious. It gives its members no greater confidence in the church or what it aims at of principle and life. Such club work is a detriment, and not a help. As a rule, it is best to select the subject or subjects for the winter's work as the result of a well-defined plan that shall run through several years. To do this, it must in nearly all cases fall upon the minister to determine what such plan shall be. He must work it out, and give it coherence, method, and purpose. He may have many advisers and coworkers, but he must be at the head, and carry out such methods as he can heartily approve. He must select the work to be done with reference to his coworkers, but he should have a large faith in their capacity. Let him plan the work along the lines of what he wishes his church to be and to do. What he aims at in his club work should be what he aims at in his preaching. As a preacher, his purpose is to make people live in the best manner possible. The club should therefore aim to enlarge the resources of life, to deepen its motives, and to establish its true principles. Having this object in view, the club should direct its every meeting to this end. With such an object held to consistently, the work of the club will blend harmoniously into that of the church, it will grow more and more influential in the community, and, what is best, it will have a permanent life-influence on all its members. We cannot think a club is worth while on any narrower basis.

GEORGE W. COOKE.

GUILDS.

TEMPTATION.

Read before the Guild of the Third Religious Society in Dorchester, Mass., by J. Henry Bourne.

Almost every day a question arises which we have to settle for ourselves, and whether we settle it with a "yes" or a "no" helps either to build up or destroy our character.

Different people are assailed by different temptations. The attraction which candy has for a girl who knows the money ought to be saved for shoes is the same which the little cigarette has for the boys. That tobacco in all shapes, kinds, and forms, injures the lungs and brain has been fully proven, so we need not dwell on it here.

Perhaps the easiest temptation for most of us to yield to is to utter sharp words. Bright sayings are too often laughed at, when the keen words cut the heart like a knife. Speaking too quickly is much worse than not speaking at all; and the silent person gains friends, while the quick speaker loses them.

Isn't laziness a temptation too often yielded to?

It is nearly church time, and the Sunday paper is on the table at home. "Oh, well! I guess I will stay at home this morning, read my paper, and take a nap," so says the man of the house. Or it may be early morning, when a fifteen minutes' longer nap will result in no time for breakfast, a run for the train, and a generally cross frame of mind with which to start on the day's work. Was that nap worth it?

Books are one of the greatest boons granted us, but there is a difference in books. When tired, light books easy to read are a temptation; but be sure the light book is good, and don't yield too often, for too many light books unfit the mind for the deeper and more beneficial ones.

Too often do young men and women go into business with a common school education. He or she does the work demanded of them each day, but does not study into the methods of the business, and outside of the day's work does nothing to educate himself or herself. This person is a plodder. All his or her life they will stay where they began. Those who advance are the ones who make themselves masters of their work, and in that way make themselves worthy of promotion.

The great delusion of sin is this. We persuade ourselves that for a few months or years we may live without a fixed aim, and yet go in no fixed direction, that we may continue in certain wrong courses, indulging ourselves in sinful pleasures, giving ourselves only to worldly pursuits, and that by and by we will begin a new course with a higher aim in life. And so we go onward to our ruin; for he who has no fixed aim in a right direction may be sure that he is steadily going in a wrong one. "The strong folds of habit will gather round him. His moral tastes will be perverted. His influence will be exerted on the side of evil. His whole life will be a failure." For, after having yielded to temptation once, it only serves to make it easier to yield the second time. The Indians are said to have compared our conscience to a square block of wood, which, when we yield to temptation, revolves within us; and the sharp corners grind and irritate us to repentance. But, after continual yielding, these corners become round and smooth in their revolutions, and finally it does not seem to trouble us in the least.

The higher you aim, the higher you will reach. Don't set a low standard, saying: "Well, I'm as good as most people. What's the use of giving up things?" The word for each one is "perfection." Striving after that is the only thing that will save us much regret in the future. Be sure also that, whatever we want to be, no matter how high and pure our ideal is, "that" we can be, only it does take good, earnest daily work to reach our ideal.

The National Guild Alliance held three joint sessions at Weirs, N.H., August 4, with the Unitarian Sunday School Society and the Women's Alliance. Rev. E. A. Horton, Hon. H. G. Wadlin, and Rev. Stopford W. Brooke spoke for Sunday-schools. Rev. Mrs. A. T. Whitney, Mrs. Dix, and Mrs. Fifield presented the cause of the Women's Alliance, Miss Florence Everett speaking of the Post-office Mission. Rev. D. M. Wilson, Rev. E. C. Prescott, and Rev. B. R. Bulkeley advocated the interest of the guilds. At the morning meeting, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley presiding, the denominational aspect was presented. At the afternoon session, Rev. E. A. Horton presiding, the speakers discussed the general needs of the day in regard to the spirit of devotion, as helped on by the three organizations under consideration. In the evening, Mrs. Dix in the chair, the practical subject of methods was before us. The meetings were very interesting, and must have resulted in good. There was hearty co-operation among the organizations which had the opportunity of a whole day in the annual Grove Meeting.

We are reminded of a great loss to the guild movement as we record the death of Rev. W. W. Hayward of Medfield, Mass. We missed him at the meetings at Weirs; and we shall think of him at all our Alliance meetings, where he was always ready to lend a hand. We know how much his young people's society meant to him, having heard from his own lips; but the church of which he was minister must feel that it has been greatly strengthened by the work of the guild, in which he had such an interest.

B. R. Bulkeley.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Two or three exchanges on my table give me some hints. The following extract is from an announcement of a new book published by the Congregational (Trinitarian) House, Boston. Such sentiments about evolution are spreading fast, and significantly mark the surrender of Calvinism or Augustinian theology: "There are many who think that, if the doctrine of evolution be true, then their religious faith as derived from the Scriptures must be false. This book is written for the purpose of showing that it is entirely possible to admit all the facts claimed by evolutionists without giving up the thought of a divine Creator." The proper place for the planting of the true world theory is in the Sunday-school. Start the young mind right, facing the correct way, then after education will be cumulative and fulfilling. The wastes of unlearning errors are enormous.

It is claimed that the East is behind the times much more than the West, especially in religious matters; but, on reading the item below, we queried seriously if any such case were possible in New England: "There is a Protestant church at Mitchell, Ind., that is pronounced by one of our exchanges thirty years behind the times, because two members were recently expelled who had expressed a desire for an organ in the church

and the use of lesson leaves in the Sunday-school."

There is in Boston, and possibly in other cities, a wholesale closing of churches and Sunday-schools. We deplore it. True, the customs of society have so altered that all this suspended animation seems imperative. Then we deplore the changed habits. In all this we are not idolaters of mere routine, neither do we hesitate to say that all things work together for improvement; but the great hiatus makes the winter pull harder, and destroys the reserve loyalty and zeal. Something needs to be done. It seems that the other denominations are not so much given to this modern usage. It is stated that, "of thirty-nine schools in and around Boston, twenty-five kept open during the hot term. But fourteen closed schools, a percentage of over one-third, seems too large, when one thinks of what temptations come to the boys and girls who have to stay at home, when the Sundays throw no counteracting influence around them."

The annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society will be held at Portland, Me., beginning Wednesday evening, October 5, and continuing Thursday all day and evening and Friday forenoon. The Portland society will entertain for two nights all who go. The full programme will be announced in the *Christian Register*.

E. A. Horton.

UNIVERSALIST NOTES.

A FORWARD STEP.

The recent action of the trustees of Tufts College in opening the doors of the institution to women has been so modestly taken that it has not received the notice it deserves. Indeed, the quidnuncs who watch the straws which show how the winds of growth and progress blow in most of the churches would not see the liveliest gales that might happen to blow inside the Universalist Church; and so this important step in our most conservative college has had only passing mention. It is, however, a great triumph of advanced ideas in education. Tufts has always felt the restraints of the cautious conservatism which characterizes the real Boston thought, and it has taken great courage and persistency on the part of the friends of the higher education for women to secure the advantages of this fine and flourishing college for our girls as well as for our boys. The example and influence of Harvard have undoubtedly retarded the action of the authorities of Tufts; for the power of the larger and older institution has great weight in all the region roundabout its ancient seat of learning. But the time has come when Tufts is perfectly able to adopt its own policy, and in this instance its action is not only courageous, but enlightened, far-sighted, and timely. All our schools and colleges are now coeducational.

THE VACATION PAUSE.

As these lines are written, the work in almost all our churches is at its lowest ebb of activity, and the congregations and their pastors are very generally practising the vacation habits. A larger number than usual of both laymen and clergymen are travelling abroad. The brethren who dwell in the East are found straying Westward, and the Western men are coming East. The summer settlements are full, and many a colony of our people is to be found among the mountains, by the sea, and along the lakes. It is a mistake to suppose that nothing is going on in the Church because so many churches are closed and services suspended. There is a great deal of silent and unconscious interchange of thought and much broadening intercourse. These quiet days of rest will bear their fruit in due season, and nobody will lose anything by them. The meetings at Weirs, N.H., are now in session; and by all accounts they do not lose, but gain in interest, with the years. They could not fail to be lively while under the care of Brother Shinn, and they will always be attractive and popular with a large class of our people.

A RECRUIT FOR JAPAN.

The Universalist Church in Japan is drawing some of the most talented and experienced workers from the home field. We have just lost one of the most valuable men from the New York Convention in the person of Rev. C. E. Rice of Utica, who has joined the forces of the Japan Mission. Brother Rice has done splendid work in his late pastorate, and it is a real loss to the home church to have him transferred to the Orient. But Dr. Perin gains a trusty, able, manly aid, a true Christian in spirit and training. By the way, the little missionary colony seems to be growing from within. Two members have been born into the little circle within the two years of its existence.

John Coleman Adams.

August 15.

The earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life.—*Theodore Parker.*

We cannot live on probabilities. The faith in which we can live bravely and die in peace must be a certainty so far as it professes to be a faith at all, or it is nothing.—*Froude.*

LITERARY NOTES.

We are just in receipt of a fine large photograph of the teachers and students of the Unitarian Theological School in Tokyo, Japan. The group consists of twelve persons; namely, Clay MacCauley, President and Professor of Philosophy and Theology; William I. Lawrance, Secretary and Professor of Biblical Criticism and Exegesis; Garrett Droppers, Lecturer in Social Science; W. S. Liscomb, Lecturer in Christian History; John H. Wigmore, Lecturer in Ethics; and seven students.

In the recent death of Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke the country loses a woman widely known and loved, both as a poet and as a writer of fiction. She was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1827, graduated at the Hartford Seminary in 1843, and published her first volume of poems in 1860. Her shorter stories are her best work. In some of these she is very happy. The *Christian Union* says of her, "She was a woman of uncommon gifts and vigor, who lived bravely and well."

Rev. S. J. Barrows, editor of the *Christian Register*, and Mrs. Barrows are soon to leave for Europe, to be gone a year.

The work at University Hall, London (our "Unitarian Toynbee Hall") seems to be active. Among the announcements for next term are the following: The warden, Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, will lecture on Dante's "Purgatory" on Monday afternoons and evenings and on "The Religion and Literature of the Old Testament" Sunday afternoons. On Tuesday evenings the Rev. Dr. Brooke Herford will give a series of addresses on "Liberal Religion in America." Among the subjects dealt with will be "New England Religion, Past and Present," "The Threefold Revolt against Calvinism," "The Earlier Unitarianism, Tuckerman, Channing," etc., "Transcendentalism and Radicalism, Theodore Parker," etc., "The more Recent Unitarianism, Dr. Bellows, J. Freeman Clarke"; and among other leaders of liberal religious thought dealt with will be E. E. Hale, Phillips Brooks, and Lyman Abbott.

Whittier has gathered the poems he has written since the publication of "Saint Gregory's Guest" in 1886, and they will appear soon under the title "At Sundown."

Edward Everett Hale's interesting account of "A New England Boyhood," which begins in the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, will continue through the rest of the year. It is full of delightful reminiscences of Boston people and events.

The *New World* for September contains a powerful article on "The Essence of Christianity," by the distinguished German theologian, Otto Pfleiderer; essays on "New Testament Criticism and Religious Belief," by Orello Cone; "Ecclesiastical Impedimenta," by J. M. Starrett; "Thomas Paine," by John W. Chadwick; "Social Betterment," by Nicholas P. Gilman; "The Rôle of the History of Religion in Education," by Jean Réville; "A Poet of his Century" (G. F. Savage Armstrong), by E. Cavazza; and "Divine Intelligence and Love," by J. C. Parsons.

Harper & Brothers are publishing a finely illustrated edition of Green's Short History of the English People.

Much attention is being paid to the centenary of the birth of Shelley, which occurred on August 4. A number of the magazines both in this country and England contain articles upon him. At Field Palace, where he was born, it is proposed to establish a Shelley Library and Museum, and to erect a memorial tablet in the parish church.

A notable event in the world of education was the celebration, during the first week of July, of the tercentenary of Dublin University. Nearly all the great universities of Europe and several of the leading ones of this country were represented by distinguished members of their faculties. The exercises, which were of a varied and impressive character, lasted four or five days. Honorary degrees were conferred upon several Americans,—the degree of Doctor of Letters upon Profs. J. H. Thayer of Harvard and Isaac H. Hall of New York, that of Doctor of Medicine upon Prof. J. S. Billings of Johns Hopkins, and that of Doctor of Laws upon Gen. F. A. Walker of Boston. Dublin University (Trinity College) was established by Queen Elizabeth in 1591. Though it has never taken an equal rank with Oxford and Cambridge Universities, it has stood second only to them in Great Britain, and rises far above any other Irish college. It has a large and distinguished body of alumni.

The August *Arena* is a "woman's number"; and a notable number it is, containing articles by Mary A. Livermore, Kate Gannett Wells, Louise Chandler Moulton, Ellen M. Mitchell, May Wright Sewall, and half a dozen other women of almost equal eminence upon various phases of the general subject of women's clubs.

The American Psychical Society has established a quarterly journal called the *Psychical Review*, the first number of which (dated August) is at hand. It is evident that there is much popular interest in the subjects of Spiritualism, clairvoyance, psychical investigation, etc., to which this review will be devoted; and it is important that everything possible should be done to lift them up out of the domain of ignorance and charlatanry into that of intelligence and honor. This new periodical

is a step in that direction. The first number contains articles by Rev. M. J. Savage, Prof. A. E. Dolbear, Prof. Alfred R. Wallace, Mr. B. O. Flower, Rev. T. E. Allen (the editor), besides considerable other matter, editorial and other. The subjects of the leading articles are "Some Assured Results in Psychical Science and the Present Outlook," "Implications of Psychical Phenomena," "Psychography," "Psychical Research and Science," "Proceedings of the American Psychical Society," "Prof. Lodge upon Psychical Research." The price of the *Review* is $3 a year, or $1 a number. Address American Psychical Society, Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston.

THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

The Sanitarian (August).

The People and the Public Health Movement. By J. Berrien Lindsley.

The Republic of Mexico. By Irving A. Watson.

Drinking Water a Source of Malaria. By Richard Waggener.

Prison Reform. By Tancred Canonico.

Scribner's Magazine (August).

A Riverside Parish. By Walter Besant.

Icebergs. By N. S. Shaler.

Guerin's Centaur. By Mrs. James T. Fields.

The Century Magazine (August).

The Ascent of Fuji the Peerless. By Mabel L. Todd and David P. Todd.

Architecture at the World's Columbian Exposition. By Henry Van Brunt.

The Great Plains of Canada. By C. A. Kenaston.

Christopher Columbus. IV. The Great Voyage. By Emilio Castelar.

The Atlantic Monthly (August).

A New England Boyhood. I., II. By Edward Everett Hale.

Ariel. (In Memory of Shelley.) By E. C. Stedman.

The Passing of the Birds. By Bradford Torrey.

The Persians of Æschylos. By William C. Lawton.

The Revival of Art. By W. J. Stillman.

The Prometheus Unbound of Shelley. By V. D. Scudder.

The Old and New Testament Student (July-August).

Prof. Otto Pfleiderer. By Rev. P. M. Snyder.

The Expedition of the Babylonian Exploration Fund. By Robert F. Harper, Ph.D.

The Formal Principle of the Reformation. By Rev. F. W. C. Meyer.

The Book of Job and Other Literatures. By Rev. George S. Goodspeed, Ph.D.

The Review of Reviews (August).

Grover Cleveland: A Character Sketch. By George F. Parker.

University Education for Women.

How to learn a Language. By Prof. Blackie.

Lend a Hand (August).

The Indian Need. By Mary E. Dewey.

Reform School Training.

Oscar C. McCulloch. By Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows.

The Andover Review (August).

Man above Nature. By Rev. Lucius Curtis.

The Proposed Revision of the Westminster Confession. By Prof. C. A. Briggs.

The Study of American Literature in Colleges. By Prof. Newton M. Hall.

Ulfilas, and the Conversion of the Goths. By Prof. A. G. Hopkins.

The Arena (August).

Twenty-five Years on the Lecture Platform. By Mary A. Livermore.

In the Tribunal of Literary Criticism. Bacon *vs.* Shakspere. II. By Edwin Read.

The Coming Brotherhood. By Frances E. Willard.

Women's Clubs: A Symposium.

The Forum (August).

Literature as a Career. By Walter Besant.

An American View of the Irish Question. By Richard H. Dana.

What Psychical Research has accomplished. By Prof. William James.

The Churches and Labor Unions. By Rev. John P. Coyle.

The North American Review (August).

English Elections and Home Rule. By the Duke of Argyll.

Abraham Lincoln as a Strategist. II. By Archibald Forbes.

Thomas Paine. By Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

The Pope at Home. By Giovanni Amadi.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Great Barrington, Mass.—Another Unitarian parish has been organized at Great Barrington, where Rev. W. W. Fenn began his labors some time ago, and where a good-sized congregation were glad to hear his preaching. For a year or so interest flagged in that field until the beginning of the present year, when Rev. Carl G. Horst of Unity Church, this city, resumed the work; and it is receiving good support. Mr. Horst is a zealous worker, a fine preacher;

and he finds there that a great many of Great Barrington's best citizens, who have had little affiliation with other denominations, are pleased with the new society and the prospect of a new church. Just below, at Sheffield, lie the remains of the scholarly pioneer of Unitarianism, Rev. Dr. Orville Dewey; and it is quite fit and proper that a church of that faith he served so well should be planted near his birthplace and his burial-place.—*Pittsburg Call, July* 31.

Jackson, Mich.—After being without a pastor for some time, the Unitarian church is at last happy in having secured the services of Mr. Taylor, recently from the Harvard Divinity School. He has been with the church several months, and new confidence and life are already appearing under his influence and labors.

London, Eng.—Rev. Robert Collyer, who is as great a favorite in England as in America, has been delighting the Unitarians of London by preaching in two or three of their churches during his vacation visit on the other side.

The English Unitarian papers announce the resignation of Rev. Henry Ierson as secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. He has been out of health for some months; and, since he fails to improve as fast as had been hoped, he thinks it best to retire from the responsible office which he has held for sixteen years, and which he has filled with great ability and wisdom. His place will probably be filled by Rev. W. Copeland Bowie.

Madison, So. Dak.—Rev. F. E. Matlock of this place, who has recently made his way out from Orthodoxy into the Unitarian faith, writes: "I was born of orthodox Methodist parents, my father being a Methodist Episcopal minister for forty years before his death, three years ago. My religious education began in early childhood, and consisted of the orthodox creed as taught by the Church in its strictest forms. However, there was something within me that rebelled against much of those teachings as far back as I can remember. (I suppose it must have been the result of original sin and the total depravity of which I was possessed even from infancy.) Notwithstanding these hindrances and perplexing teachings, I have been enabled to outlive them and find my way to the light. About four years ago the *Christian Register* was sent me through the Post-office Mission, and I found it a great help. I have felt much the same as Akbar Masih did, when writing his letter to Dr. Herford, in the 'Story of a Letter from India,' published in the August *Unitarian.* And, by the way, let me give you a statement made by Joseph Cook here at the Chautauqua Assembly on July 20 last in one of his lectures. In speaking of the religious development of this age, he said that in Boston the liberal movement was dead. Channing and Parker were dead, and there were no young men to take their places, carrying the idea that liberal Christianity had no following in Boston at present, it was a thing of the past. The orthodox crowd that listened to him took it all in with a relish. Now I see that this correspondence between Dr. Herford and Akbar Masih commenced about four years ago, and at that time there were twenty-eight Unitarian church organizations in Boston; and I am led to conclude that Joseph Cook would have us in the West as ignorant of the truth as was this seeker after truth in far-away India, who directed his letter to the "Chief Pastor of the Unitarian Congregation at Boston," and yet uncertain as to the existence of such an organization, put a postscript to the address, 'None but a Unitarian is allowed to open this envelope.'

"I am glad to inform you that there are, at least, a limited number of people here who are liberal Christians; and there is a most promising field in this new State for the Unitarian missionary. I understand that that noble pioneer Unitarian of this new field, Mrs. Wilkes of Sioux Falls, is soon to undertake the organizing of Unitarian societies in several of our larger towns; and we are sure she will meet with a hearty welcome wherever she goes. Last March I commenced to visit the church at Miner in this State, and have held two services a month since. I have received a most cordial greeting, and there has been an increasing interest at every service. On July 24 Mrs. Wilkes visited the church at Miner, and held a children's dedication service. Eight children were baptized or dedicated by her. She preached an able sermon Sunday morning on the 'Forgiveness of Sin.' There was a large congregation, some persons coming a distance of twelve miles."

Olympia, Wash.—The church is now having a vacation, which will extend during the month of August. Rev. Earl M. Wilbur of Portland preached here on the last Sunday in July. The series of conferences arranged by Rev. N. Hoagland, to consider how to increase the efficiency of our public schools, have been well attended, and roused great interest.

Pittsfield, Mass.—Rev. C. G. Horst completed his first year as pastor of Unity Church August 1. He has been very faithful in his devotion to the church, having occupied his own pulpit every Sunday but four, when he exchanged. During his pastorate a Unity Club has been formed and the Guild of the Good Shepherd organized, the latter having a membership of twenty-seven. He is now spending a four weeks' vacation in the West; and during his absence his people will have the pleasure of listening to their former pastor, Rev. W. W. Fenn of Chicago.

The annual fair of the Unity workers was

held the last week in July; and quite a snug sum was netted, considering the extremely hot weather they were compelled to endure.

Puyallup, Wash.—Sunday, July 31, was the occasion of the dedication of the First Unitarian Church and the ordination and installation of the new minister, Rev. W. C. Greene. The weather was delightful, not too warm nor too cool. The fruitful valley seemed to rest under Heaven's special benediction. Indeed, grand old Mount Tacoma, towering fourteen thousand feet above the pines, was not an unfit representation of Celestial Providence as he shot rays of snowy whiteness adown the valley. The exercises seemed to fit the surroundings. Rev. A. S. Parker of the United Brethren Church read the nineteenth Psalm and Paul's charity chapter, 1 Cor. xiii. Rev. Mrs. M. C. Aitken offered a tender prayer, into which breathed something of the fragrance of the banks of flowers into which the front of the rostrum had been transformed. The sermon was by Rev. George H. Greer, "the father of the society." His theme was "The Seen and the Unseen." It was the word of a seer. The law of development, as traced by evolution, was happily illustrated by many touching and familiar pictures. The old idols of special creation six thousand years ago and Biblical infallibility were set aside so reverently that it seemed an act of worship. The fact that "God is still working at the job" was illustrated by a number of near-at-hand object lessons. After the sermon Mr. J. V. Meeker gave a brief history of the church. It was organized only three years ago under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Greer. The bond of union was written by Mrs. Greer. Two years ago the society secured the services of Rev. Herman Haugerud, who had just graduated from the Meadville School. He resigned last June to take the coming year in continuing his studies at the Harvard Divinity School. Mr. Joseph Shippen gave the financial statement. It showed that the society, aside from a small loan from the Church Loan Fund of $1,500, had a debt of only about $200 unprovided for. The morning collection reduced that one-half. Rev. Napoleon Hoagland of Olympia gave the address to new members. He appealed to them to say *we*, not *they*, when speaking henceforth of what the church members should or should not do. In the evening the new minister, Rev. Walter C. Green, was ordained and installed. His school-mate, Rev. Earl M. Wilbur, preached the sermon. It was an able statement of the place and work of the liberal Christian ministry. The name "Unitarian" he thought a less complete description than liberal Christian, but he would define Christian in no narrow way. After the sermon Rev. George H. Greer gave the charge to the minister. He especially charged him to cultivate good health and be himself, Walter C. Green. Rev. N. Hoagland gave the right hand of fellowship, and Rev. Herman Haugerud gave the charge to the congregation. Afterward interesting lay addresses were given by Mr. Joseph Shippen of Seattle and Mr. A. D. Hale of Macmillen, Wash. All the visiting ministers and nearly all the laymen attended the reception held in the church Monday evening. It was given in honor of Rev. Mr. Greer and the new minister, Rev. Mr. Green. A feature of the evening was the presentation of a gold watch to Rev. Mr. Greer as a token of appreciation from his old parish. Mr. J. V. Meeker made the presentation; and, if Mr. Greer was not thoroughly surprised, he deceived his looks. Collecting his thoughts, he replied that he had long known that he needed *watching*, but that in all his ministerial experience he had never been *watched* that way.

San Francisco, Cal.—The need of a down-town office having been felt, a change in the Unitarian Headquarters will be made on September 1 by a removal to No. 10 Post Street.

—First Unitarian Church: Dr. Stebbins is taking his vacation in San José. The pulpit has been supplied during his absence by Rev. W. S. Vail of St. Paul and Rev. Thomas Van Ness.

On Sunday, August 14, the Sunday-school will celebrate its thirty-ninth anniversary, and combine the celebration with a service of thanksgiving for the harvest. There will be interesting exercises by the school, the reading of the usual reports, and addresses by Rev. Thomas Van Ness and Mr. C. A. Langston. Mr. C. A. Langston has entered upon his duties as assistant to Dr. Stebbins and assistant superintendent of the Sunday-school.

—San Francisco Mission Unitarian Church: This church gave a hearty "welcome home" to Rev. Mr. Van Ness and his wife on July 19. The Ladies' Auxiliary recently formed in the church took charge of the arrangements, and made the evening an unusually pleasant one.

Services were resumed on Sunday evening, July 24, and good congregations have met Mr. Van Ness each Sunday evening since. During the absence of the pastor in the South in August Rev. W. S. Vail will supply the pulpit.

The Sunday-school opened July 24 with its usual number. On August 14 the Harvest Festival will be celebrated by the children, who are aiming to make their donation of fruit and vegetables to the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society the most important part of their programme.

The Unity Club programme for the year will include work in United States History and the discussion of social subjects. The Post-office Mission Committee of the Chan-

ning Auxiliary of the First Unitarian Church have prepared a longer catalogue of the tracts they carry for distribution.

Shelbyville, Ill.—A very clear hot day in Southern Illinois was July 24, when the Jordan church was dedicated. This church is about four miles from Shelbyville, near the Douthit homestead, and has been built close by the old "God's acre," as loving memorial by the Douthit children and their neighbors. To go to Southern Illinois in such fatal sweltering heat was no pleasant task, but the welcome which shone on Douthit faces when we stepped from the train repaid all the inconvenience. It was good to be there.

Sunday morning at 10.30 we gathered in the new woodland church, through the open windows of which came the merry bird songs and the harvest breeze. After singing and reading, pastor and people united in a simple dedicatory service. Rev. T. B. Forbush then led in the prayer of dedication. The sermon by Rev. Dr. J. H. Heywood of Louisville was a tender and beautiful presentation of the elements of Christ's kingdom in the individual and in the world, and was spoken with surprising vigor and earnestness for one so far past the threescore years and ten.

After the sermon letters of congratulation were read from many absent friends. Mr. Douthit then made a business statement, from which it appeared that, while the church, costing some $1,500, was wholly paid for, there was still lacking about $150, to pay for chairs and stove. Upon this theme he invited Mr. Forbush to address the congregation, which he did so effectually that in a very brief time the $150 was subscribed; and, after singing the doxology, the people went to dinner in a very happy mood.

Dinner was a bounteous picnic under the old oaks around the church, and was enjoyed immensely by all. In the afternoon a brief service was held, in which Mrs. Ada H. Kepley of Effingham gave the reasons why she was a Unitarian, and Messrs. Douthit, Heywood, and Forbush made brief addresses. This Jordan church is the fourth church which has been built under Mr. Douthit's auspices in Shelby County, besides the large pavilion at Lithia Springs, which is used for large public gatherings and camp meetings. In Shelby County there is no more influential and respected minister to-day than the earnest and devoted Douthit. It was pleasant also to learn that one, perhaps both, of his sons are likely to follow in their father's footsteps, and gives promise of much ability and usefulness. Robert C., at present a Meadville Senior, is aiding very acceptably in the missionary work of Shelby County.

Sunday evening, July 24, Mrs. Ada H. Kepley was ordained as an evangelist in the Unitarian church at Shelbyville. Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago gave the [illegible] which was upon the richness of our s[illegible]tual heritage, and the responsibility which it placed upon us to be worthy of such great gifts and privileges. The ordaining prayer was by Rev. J. H. Heywood of Louisville. Rev. J. L. Douthit gave a most earnest and affectionate charge. Rev. Mr. Forbush extended the fellowship of the churches. Mrs. Kepley is a resident of Effingham, where she conducts a large and flourishing Sunday-school, Bible class, and Band of Hope in a temple which her generous husband has built for her use. Educated as a lawyer and admitted to the Illinois bar, she early became interested in social reform, and has long been the leader in temperance and social purity work in Effingham and adjoining counties. Having been for years an ardent Unitarian, she sought ordination for the strength and fellowship it would give her in the work to which she has consecrated her life. No novice in the great harvest field, she comes bringing her sheaves with her. What she has done is both her certificate of fitness and her guarantee of future devotion and uesfulness.

Wilton, N.H.—A correspondent in Chicago sends us the following words of loving recollection and appreciation of Dr. A. A. Livermore. The writer lived in Cincinnati at the time when Mr. Livermore was minister of our church there. He speaks of him as he knew him then. He writes:—

"In your issue of December Rev. A. J. Rich has said what is in the hearts of hundreds about a beloved pastor and friend, A. A. Livermore.

> 'With pity filled for others' woes,
> So reverent, full of faith divine.'

A 'saintly soul,' surely. We who were strangers in a strange land, sick and discouraged, found in him a soothing guest, healing mind and body. No weather too hot nor too cold, no circumstance too adverse for his visits of mercy. His church was then at Fourth and Race Streets, Cincinnati. We children belonged to the Sunday-school, and we were always eager for Sunday morning to come; and once, at Christmas, he brought us some presents, the most beautiful in our eyes that we had ever seen. I especially recollect a cup and ball and a pink pincushion. Sometimes we were allowed to go to his house, and the kind welcome he and his benevolent wife gave us 'little things' was a treat indeed. Father was an invalid much of the time, but *en rapport* with all the bright spirits of Unitarian faith both here and in England (I may say with pride that he was a comrade of Travers Madge); and I am quite sure that, but for Mr. Livermore's brotherly tenderness, the 'new county' would have seemed inhospitable enough. It is not often that a good preacher is a good pastor, but Mr. Livermore was both.

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